The Nation

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Summary of the News

The President started his speech-making tour in behalf of preparedness with three addresses in New York on Thursday of last week. He has spoken, as we write, at Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Milwaukee, and Chicago, and the tour, which should be finished to-morrow, also includes Des Moines, Topeka, Kansas City, and St. Louis. The keynote of all of the President's speeches was struck when he said in New York, "I cannot tell you what the international relations of this country will be to-morrow, and I use the word literally." Comment on this and other aspects of Mr. Wilson's argument for preparedness will be found in our editorial columns. That he has made a prudent decision from the political point of view in his sudden change of policy is indicated by the apparently enthusiastic reception which has been accorded to him wherever he has spoken.

Whether or not the phrase that we have quoted above was, as has been widely understood, directed at Germany, there seems to be no doubt that the issue between Washington and Berlin in regard to the Lusitania has become again as critical as it has been at any time in the nine months during which the controversy has languished. Details of the latest proposals from Germany, which we mentioned last week, have not been published—recent reports state that they again suggested arbitration—but whatever they were they proved unsatisfactory to the United States and were rejected. Counter-proposals, arranged at conferences between Mr. Lansing and Ambassador Bernstorff, have been submitted to Berlin. The crux of the matter, it is understood, is the insistence by this country on an admission by Germany of the illegality of the act of her submarine commander in torpedoing the Lusitania. It has been officially denied that any time limit has been set for the German reply, but there seems to be a definite impression in Washington that the patience of the Administration is at last exhausted, and that further temporizing will not be tolerated.

Secretary Lansing announced on Tuesday that he had received a dispatch from Ambassador Penfield saying that the Austrian Government had informed him that no Austrian submarine was responsible for the sinking of the Persia.

The question of the advisability of allowing merchant vessels to carry guns for self-defence has been taken up in an informal manner by Secretary Lansing with representatives of the Allied and Teutonic Powers. No official information concerning the negotiations has been published except the bare announcement by the Secretary of State on January 27 that such negotiations were under way. The general arrangement that the United States is endeavoring to bring about is, however, plain. Without attempting any formal revision of existing international law, it proposes an agreement by which merchant vessels shall surrender without resistance when challenged by a submarine, and the latter, in return for this immunity from risk, shall consent not to murder non-combatant passengers and crews.

The State Department on January 27 made public the text of the note sent to Ambassador Page, in London, on January 4, directing him to protest to the British Government against the seizure of American mails while in transit to neutral ports. At the same time was published the text of Sir Edward Grey's *ad-interim* reply in which he stated that the British Government was compelled to consult with its allies before a final reply could be made. The American note of remonstrance in regard to the British "Trading with the Enemy act," to which we alluded last week, was dispatched to Ambassador Page on January 25.

The Government Ship Purchase bill, after numerous major operations, was finally introduced in the House on Monday.

Not alone on the subject of preparedness, but also on the advantages of a Tariff Board, has President Wilson shown himself amenable to conversion. His letters to Representative Kitchin, explaining the change in his views, were published on January 26.

An amendment to the Philippine bill, setting a definite period for the grant of independence, was introduced on January 26 by Senator Hitchcock, Chairman of the Senate Committee on the Philippines. We comment on the matter in our editorial columns.

President Wilson, on January 28, caused general surprise by sending to the Senate the nomination of Louis D. Brandeis to be an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

A considerable sensation was caused on Tuesday when the British South African liner Appam, which had been given up for lost, was brought into Hampton Roads flying the German man-of-war flag and with a German prize crew in charge. The vessel was apparently captured by some mysterious German commerce raider on January 15 off the Canary Islands.

The much agitated question of enforcing more strictly the British blockade of Germany was the subject of a full-dress debate in the House of Commons on January 27, in the course of which Sir Edward Grey made an able defence of the existing method of blockade under the Orders in Council. Opposition to the present policy of the Government, which it had been expected would be strong, dwindled to insignificant proportions after Sir Edward Grey had spoken, and the result of the debate was to leave the Foreign Office in control of international relations instead of transferring that department of state to the hands of the navy, as some of the hot-heads appeared to desire.

The position of Rumania has again been the subject of much discussion, apparently, too, of much anxiety in the Teutonic Empires. Against the account of an interview, sent out last week by the Overseas News Agency, in which a former Premier of Rumania expressed sentiments strongly pro-German, are to be set various reports from German sources expressing anxiety as to the position of the present Rumanian Cabinet. Attention has been called in the German press to the alleged fact that, although no orders for mobilization have been issued, four-fifths of the Rumanian army is, in fact, mobilized, and that the greater proportion of these troops are concentrated along the Bulgarian and Hungarian frontiers, where also, it is stated, heavy artillery, brought from England through Sweden and Russia, has been placed. Note is also taken of the large purchases by the Allies of Rumanian grain, which have not only caused obstacles in the way of the fulfilment of the agreement for the export to Austria and Germany of 50,000 carloads, but have gone far to influence the agrarian interests in favor of the Allies. Meanwhile the Rumanian Minister to Vienna has been recalled for consultation to Bucharest and the German Minister at the Rumanian capital to Berlin. From Allied sources no word concerning Rumania has been received in the past week.

So far as the situation in other Balkan states is concerned, there is little to record. King Nicholas's denial that he had surrendered was apparently more technical than anything else. At any rate, Austrian and German reports are to the effect that the Montenegrins are laying down their arms without serious resistance, and the text of the terms of peace signed by Austro-Hungarian leaders and delegates of the Montenegrin Government on January 25 has been made public by the Austro-Hungarian authorities. Extracts from the agreement were published in the papers of Saturday and Sunday. From Greece the only news of importance has been of the occupation by the Allies of a Greek fort on the Karaburun Peninsula. The step was taken, it is said, on account of recent activities of a German submarine in these territorial waters. On other fronts a considerable German gain is recorded in Artois and substantial Russian victories in Persia and the Caucasus.

The open season for Zeppelins may be said definitely to have started. Two raids, of course "retaliatory," were made over Paris on Saturday and Sunday, the first of which was successful in killing twenty-four and injuring thirty non-combatants in a tenement district. On Monday a number of Zeppelins raided the eastern, northeastern, and midland counties of England, killing fifty-four persons and injuring sixty-seven.

The British Parliament was prorogued on January 27 until February 15. The Military Service bill, the bill prolonging the life of Parliament, and the Trading with the Enemy bill received statutory force before the prorogation.

At the British Labor Congress, held in Bristol on Thursday and Friday of last week, wholehearted support was given to the prosecution of the war and formal opposition was registered to the Compulsion bill in resolutions carried by large majorities.

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The Week

That our Government would not be content with anything less than a clear acknowledgment of the vital principle for which it has contended in the Lusitania case was made clear in the news of the situation at Washington a few days ago. What remained doubtful was the time which might yet be permitted to drag on before the issue was actually brought to a head. That doubt seems now to be on the point of being removed. Everything indicates that the last step in the long-dragged-out controversy is almost at hand. Mr. Wilson's pointed and deliberate reference, in his speech in New York, to the possibility of critical developments impending in our international relations coincides with reports from Washington. According to these, it has been made plain to Berlin that the time for parleyings over the essential point has about reached its limit, and that Germany must acknowledge the principle that the slaughter of non-combatants on a peaceful and unwarned merchant ship is an absolute violation of law as well as of humanity, if she wishes to continue in friendly official intercourse with this country. That the issue has not been brought to a decision sooner is owing to the extreme solicitude of the President that nothing be done which might even endanger the peaceful relations of the two countries; and the significance of his remarks on Thursday of last week lies in the intimation they gave that there were limits to the efficacy of even this consideration.

There was a big flare-up in the Senate on the subject of an embargo upon the exportation of munitions of war. It is easy to make a stirring emotional appeal on that subject by pointing to the horrors of war on the one hand and to the unholy profits of munition-makers on the other. But the question is one that has to be viewed as part of the whole situation in which the nations of the world are actually placed, and are likely for a long time to continue. The way in which that situation will be affected by the action which they ask us to take does not seem to be regarded by the advocates of the embargo as worthy of their thought. It is not a mere technicality of international law that justifies our shipment of munitions to the belligerents. A nation's ability to obtain them from foreign countries, provided it can keep open the means of access to the supply, is part, and a vital part, of the means upon which it forms its calculations, and determines its policy as to war-preparation. To change, in this cardinal respect, the conditions that existed at the beginning of the war would be virtually to throw our weight into the scales against the Allies; and it would constitute a precedent which might return to plague us at some time of crucial need when we found ourselves in the position in which they now are. And as for the emotional appeal itself, which is sincerely felt by some, who can say that our export of munitions tends to increase the total of bloodshed in the European war? Is it not as likely to shorten as to lengthen it? And if it does tend to lengthen it, then the same thing is true of the export of foodstuffs and other supplies which go to sustain the armed forces of the Allies; yet we do not see these Senators from the Middle West proposing to cut off these markets for the products of their States, and thus diminish the war profits of the honest farmer.

The vigorous protest of our Government against high-handed practices indulged in by British authorities in the searching and seizure of mail matter may be confidently expected to bring about a prompt change. In ordinary mail, the case is clearest of all, our position being that international mails, other than parcel post, "are not to be censored, confiscated, or destroyed on the high seas even when carried by belligerent mail ships," not to speak of the neutral vessels upon which, in the present war—apart from the ships of Great Britain and her allies—they are actually carried. The case of parcel-post packages is involved only as forming part of the question—so long at issue between the United States and Great Britain—of the treatment of merchandise generally. According to cable dispatches, a British note, in reply to our protest, is already on the point of being issued, and promises that "no mails will be censored or removed from neutral ships brought forcibly into port for purposes of search." The attitude of intelligent public opinion in England on the subject is no doubt fairly well reflected in this judgment expressed by the London *Chronicle:*

> Evidently we ought to confine delay of the mails proper within the narrowest limits practicable, and be willing to give any assurances and make any arrangements which may have that result over traffic in parcels.

The session of the British Parliament which closed last Thursday was momentous chiefly in the sense that any Parliamentary session in these vital times is momentous. Important legislation has been passed, but a revolutionary change in the organization or spirit of British institutions has not taken place. We say this in spite of the compulsory service bill which would, at first sight, indicate a very radical change in British political ideals. But it is quite plain that England, while accepting partial conscription as a temporary necessity, is still hard set against the principle of compulsory military service. Had Mr. Asquith not been manœuvred into giving his pledge about unmarried versus married men in the army, it is very likely that voluntary recruiting would have supplied all the men needed. As it is, we have Lord Derby's statement of last week. Even if all the unmarried men who now hold back should have to be drafted instead of coming forward voluntarily during the respite granted them, only one man out of fourteen in the English armies would be a conscript; the other thirteen would be volunteers. As a matter of fact, the unmarried men are offering themselves under the Derby scheme, and when the supply of celibates is exhausted, the English army will be less than 5 per cent. conscript.

The almost universal gasp of surprise caused by the appointment of Mr. Brandeis to the Supreme Court does not mean that anybody denies his ability. Nor is his public spirit brought under doubt, or the service which he has rendered to many good causes. The sole question is of the fitness of a man of his temperament, and of his record as an intense and often a bitter advocate, for service on our highest judicial tribunal. We are perfectly willing to grant that, on the bench, Mr. Brandeis would be a very different person from the fiery counsel and somewhat intolerant reformer that the country has seen in him. He would, as a lawyer, feel it his duty to steep himself in the great traditions of the Supreme Court; to put aside his personal predilections; to sink the partisan in the judge; and, in general, to bear himself as one desirous to show that he was worthy of the crowning honor of his profession. But all this could come only later. The initial objections stand out large to-day. They fall into two classes. One relates to his lack of judicial experience, and the want of proof that he has the true judicial habit of mind. The other concerns his connection with many cases or agitations out of which questions are sure to arise—questions upon which the Supreme Court will have to pass. When they come up, would not Mr. Brandeis,

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by the ardor of his advocacy, morally have disqualified himself for sitting as a judge?

Politically, the appointment of Mr. Brandeis cuts both ways. A veritable red rag to many citizens, it will be hailed by many others. It will be expected to be peculiarly welcome to Jewish voters. The labor unions, in whose behalf Mr. Brandeis has done such notable work, will think of him as their champion. To the Progressives, the nomination will seem another wicked attempt by Wilson to cut the ground from under their feet. Even the Colonel may be imagined asking himself why he never ventured so bold a thing as putting a great radical into the Supreme Court. Bold, indeed, the President has been. It is another question whether he has been wise. Should a nomination to our highest court have been made at a time and under circumstances which render it difficult to think of anything but its political significance? We decidedly think not. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Brandeis's ability or fitness, it is a great pity to have a vacancy in the Supreme Court even appear to be thought of as an opportunity for making an audacious stroke in politics. But for this the blame rests not upon Mr. Brandeis but upon the President.

Major-Gen. Wood's statement on Thursday before the House Committee on Military Affairs shows how infinitely superior we are to the rest of the world in native talent and training. In Germany, for instance, a naval officer knows all about the German navy, an army officer knows all about the army, a financial expert knows all about the nation's money resources, a member of the Reichstag knows all about foreign affairs, and a shipping expert knows all about the German merchant fleet. But with us things are ever so much better. Gen. Wood, an army officer, knows all about foreign affairs—"he did not fear attack by one country, but by a combination of Powers"—and all about the navy—"the American fleet in less than sixty days would be at the bottom of the sea"—and all about Wall Street—"we are accumulating most of the gold, and with it a proportionate amount of ill will." In the same way it has been shown that naval officers know every weakness of our army, and Senators from Oregon know all about New York's harbor defences, and aeronautic experts from New York know all about Japan's secret diplomacy. All of which, if it proves anything, proves that we are perfectly prepared. For, in case of need, Gen. Wood could assume charge of the Federal Reserve Bank and Mr. Gardner could take command of the fleet, and Senator Chamberlain could take charge of the Ambrose Channel, and Mr. Henry Wise Wood become Secretary of State.

If a public man is entitled to change his mind under the stress of events, the war in Europe is certainly an event of sufficient dimensions to serve as a valid reason. Because of the war and the highly intricate problems of international commerce that will come with peace, President Wilson has changed his mind with regard to a Tariff Commission; so he declares in his second letter on the subject to Congressman Kitchin. Even if half the problems which Mr. Wilson anticipates should arise, there would be reason for an expert, non-partisan board of investigation and study such as he describes. It is preparedness of a kind to which there can be no fundamental objection. The pity is that on the other kind of preparedness regarding which Mr. Wilson has changed his mind, army and naval preparedness, he has not seen his way to the need of a similar expert, non-partisan organ of study and investigation. With regard to commercial relations after the war, the President desires a basis of facts and trained observation to go by. With regard to national defence, we are to proceed from a mass of unassimilated opinion, prejudices, and fears, in which the authority of the real expert is outweighed in popular opinion by the more vociferous newspaper and magazine expert. The change of mind involved in the ordinary brand of national defence is more radical than that involved in a Tariff Commission. There ought to be at least an equal eagerness for the facts.

The Northeastern Saengerbund, in convention at Baltimore, will know what to think of the thousands of German-Americans who cheered the President at Milwaukee. The Saengerbund thinks that it speaks for the entire German-American population. It speaks like Anthony Humm, of "Pickwick," ferociously challenging his audience to produce any one who would "intimate that I am *not* all right." It heads a broadside attack on the President by a preamble declaring that "the Hon. Woodrow Wilson . . . by innuendo, in his message delivered before Congress in December, 1915, accused American citizens of German birth of being traitors to their adopted country. . . ." In conclusion, it adopted a resolution reading that "the directors of the Northeastern Saengerbund recommend to their active and passive members to oppose the renomination and reëlection of the Hon. Woodrow Wilson as President of the United States." Does the Northeastern Saengerbund realize that it is making a political threat against the President because he said some sharp words, without mention of a specific nationality, against men "who have so far forgotten themselves and their honor as citizens as to put their passionate sympathy with one or the other side of the great European conflict above their regard for the peace and dignity of the United States"? Happily, there is every indication that Milwaukee better represented the temper of German-Americans than does the Saengerbund, or the convention of German pastors in Philadelphia, who, according to the Philadelphia *Record*, resolved to urge their flocks to vote against Wilson.

Every Republican hopes that Maine will do her duty in September. The leaders in that State are doing all they can in the way of preparedness for a victory that will fire the Republican heart throughout the country. The Progressives are to be welcomed to their old allegiance, "not with ostentatious fawning, but in a spirit of good-fellowship and mutual concession." The call for the State Convention concludes with an invitation for participation in its proceedings of "all electors of Maine who are opposed to the policies of the Democratic party and in sympathy with the purposes and aims of the Republican party, without regard to past affiliations." This is all very well, and Maine may go Republican as of yore, but it is not one of the States that came back in 1914. The Progressive vote fell off in that year by 30,000, and the Republican vote went up by 32,000, so that, if the Democratic vote had remained what it was in 1912, the Republican candidate for Governor would have been elected by a plurality of 7,700. But the Democratic vote impudently went up, too, and by 11,000, with the result that the Democrats elected their candidate for Governor by a larger plurality than Wilson had received over Roosevelt. They also held on to one Congressman. Amalgamation between Republicans and Progressives will be encouraged, not only by this distressing incident, but also by the record of September, 1912, when, by postponing their separation, they elected a Republican Governor—and broke the rule that as goes Maine in September, so goes the nation in November.

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It must be a mistrustful Progressive whose heart does not warm at the friendly response which the invitation to the Republicans has called out from Congressman Vare, known as one of the most successful contractor-politicians that even Philadelphia has produced. In the most broadminded way he refuses to haggle over terms. The "paramount consideration" which the delegates to the Republican Convention must keep in mind is "the nomination of a candidate for President and the adoption of a platform which will not only meet with the approval of those Republicans who have remained steadfast in the party ranks, but of the Progressives who have returned to the party as well as those who are still outside the breastworks." Gov. Brumbaugh, he thinks, "preëminently fills the bill" of candidate for a reunited party, but he is only one of many. At this time, "no man would commit himself to any candidate." Besides Brumbaugh there is Justice Hughes; there is also Senator Cummins. There is not, apparently, ex-Senator Root, who once expressed in writing his opinion of the Philadelphia Republican machine. In a way, there is Col. Roosevelt, who has given his old associates a "broad and courageous example" in sounding the call for united action, so that we may have "real preparedness"—and a protective tariff. Best of all, although Congressman Vare omits to mention it, the most complete infusion of the Progressive spirit into the Republican ranks is not in the least likely to endanger his seat at Washington or his power at home. One Penrose is a greater menace in these respects than all the hosts of the Progressives.

Under the Weeks law for purchase by the national Government of forest lands in the Appalachian and White Mountains, nearly 1,200,000 acres had been approved by the Forest Service for acquisition up to the beginning of 1915. Among the tracts thus coming into Federal possession were areas which, with New Hampshire's own purchases, safeguarded most of the streams and beauty of the White Mountains; and the huge Pisgah Forest of North Carolina. The programme is in danger of lapsing through the sentiment in Congress for deferring all but imperative appropriations; and on Thursday of last week a committee representing 200 forestry, conservation, and trade bodies appeared in Washington, under Gov. Craig, of North Carolina, in protest. The committee asks for an item of $10,000,000 in the agricultural bill, for disbursement at the rate of $2,000,000 a year. This would make possible the purchase of about 350,000 acres yearly of forest for the production of timber, protection of watersheds, and for public recreation. There is no doubt that true economy dictates a prosecution of the work already begun. Gov. Spaulding, of New Hampshire, testifies that if the plans of the Forest Service in his State are not carried out, the lands whose acquisition is contemplated will deteriorate rapidly in value to the Government, while the surrounding region will steadily suffer. The present machinery for surveying and appraising the lands, moreover, will disintegrate.

Newton and Darwin, Kant and Emerson, spent weary hours in searching out the secrets of natural and moral law; and all out of sheer ignorance of business method and the elementary rules of efficiency. We do things differently to-day. Here, for instance, is the American Genetic Society on the lookout for evidence on problems of heredity. It goes at it just as one would go for a furnished apartment in the upper Eighties of New York or a diamond brooch lost somewhere between Grand Central Station and the Washington Arch. It offers five prizes of $200 for evidence that any great man or woman "was the product of an ancestry which represented, on the average, four generations to a century"; for evidence that "in any group of animals the amount of improvement or decline in animal powers is not exactly proportional to the amount of acquirement by ancestors above or below the normal"; and similar propositions. This method eliminates the drudgery from scientific inquiry and leaves the men on top free to devote themselves to the more important executive duties, organizing the office staff, installing a card catalogue, finance, publicity, and the like. Imagine how much labor and time would have been saved in the formulation of Grimm's Law by the offer of twenty prizes of $100 for important evidence on vowel modification in Sanscrit and the Finno-Ugrian dialects.

Or take this new application of business principles to ethical research, as described by Ray Stannard Baker in the *American Magazine:*

> A prominent business man who believes that the moral education of children is the greatest present need of the nation, has recently asked the National Institution for Moral Instruction to carry through a national competition for a prize of $5,000 for the best code of morals for school and home.

Upon this subject Plato and Socrates, Comenius, Froebel, Pestalozzi, Rousseau, and Horace Mann spent years of effort with only tentative results, this being proved by the fact that to-day we are still under the need of offering a prize of $5,000 for an adequate solution of the problem. How many problems in ethics and psychology that were answered with enormous difficulty, how many problems that still remain unanswered, could thus be dealt with, definitely and expeditiously! For example:

> King Solomon offers 200 shekels for evidence establishing the way of a man with a maid.
>
> Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, announces a prize of 300 ducats for evidence showing what dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil, and another prize of 300 ducats for information leading to the discovery of at least half the things in heaven and earth that are not dreamed of in our philosophy.

A Boston dispatch tells of certain remarks derogatory to the patriotism of the American people and to the fame of the Fathers of the Republic alleged to have been made by Prof. Edward Channing "in a history course at Harvard University." Whether the report is correct or not, we are unable to say; assuming that the remarks were made in a class lecture, the occasion is a good one for drawing attention to a passage in the admirable report recently issued by the American Association of University Professors:

> There is one further consideration with regard to the classroom utterances of college and university teachers to which the committee thinks it important to call the attention of members of the profession, and of administrative authorities. Such utterances ought always to be considered privileged communications. Discussions in the classroom ought not to be supposed to be utterances for the public at large. They are often designed to provoke opposition or arouse debate. It has, unfortunately, sometimes happened in this country that sensational newspapers have quoted and garbled such remarks. As a matter of common law, it is clear that the utterances of an academic instructor are privileged, and may not be published, in whole or part, without his authorization. But our practice, unfortunately, still differs from that of foreign countries, and no effective check has in this country been put upon such unauthorized and often misleading publication. It is much to be desired that test cases should be made of any infractions of the rule.

It is not only in courses upon economics, sociology, or history, but also upon subjects that belong to the field of physical science, that professors often make—and, in the interest of the vitality and effectiveness of their teaching, ought to feel free to make—remarks which they would not desire to have published in the newspapers, even correctly; and the practice of doing so without authorization is mischievous.

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THE MULTITUDE OF COUNSELS.

Whatever else may be said about Mr. Wilson's "preparedness" speeches, there must be full recognition of the handsome manner in which he is treating his opponents. Thus, at the beginning of his Pittsburgh speech he laid down the good American doctrine of freedom of speech and thought in these words: "If there is one thing that we love more than another in the United States, it is that every man shall have the privilege, unmolested and uncriticised, to utter the real convictions of his mind." This is in refreshing contrast with the attitude of one of his rigidly Tory newspaper supporters last week, who laid down the law to the effect that for any American hereafter who believes in opposing "all policies and measures for increasing the national defences there can be neither honor nor tolerance"; "they are not loyal Americans"—an interesting example of the lengths to which the preparedness mania is carrying some.

But Mr. Wilson is plainly not for making traitors of those who refuse to follow him in this new campaign. For one thing, it would be necessary to issue a bill of attainder against many leaders in his own party, and some millions of plain people yet to be converted. Some of them undoubtedly will be converted by the President's words, particularly when he goes so far as to say: "Let me tell you very solemnly, you cannot afford to postpone this thing. I do not know what a single day will bring forth." However, in the next breath he calmly assures his audience thus:

> I have not come here to tell you of any immediate threat of definite danger, because by very great patience, by making our position perfectly clear, and then steadfastly maintaining the same attitude through our great controversies, we have so far held difficulty at arm's length.

No doubt, the weight and authority of his office will make people forget the contradiction and believe that there is some frightful menace at our very doors. Indeed, the President's speeches do not bear a very careful analysis. If he cannot tell what a single day will bring forth, is it not a trifle singular that the naval programme he calls for will not be completed in ten years? And he waves aside all questions of the vital details by saying that these are matters that cannot be taken up before large audiences. While asserting at one moment that "we are proposing a very businesslike thing . . . a thoroughly businesslike thing," he also says that he has a "shrewd suspicion" that some other plan than his own may be better. Is it businesslike to go before the people urging a plan you are willing to abandon if need be?

For militarism, Mr. Wilson has the usual denunciation. But he also hits a hard blow at the military experts who are now making the welkin ring when he says that "I am not one of those who believe that a great standing army is the means of maintaining peace, because if you build up a great profession those who form parts of it want to exercise their profession, and I cannot blame them for it. I should myself hate to be ready to do an expert thing and never be permitted to do it." And he hits the naval experts even harder when he deliberately throws over the testimony of Admirals Badger, Fletcher, and Winterhalter to the effect that our fleet is second only to that of Great Britain, and suddenly accepts the opinion—which we believe Mr. Daniels has not held—that our navy has sunk to "fourth place." This is to regard the real strength of a navy as lying wholly in the number of ships, and to make no allowance for superiority of personnel, or the advantages of choosing your own ground for an action when fleets must come 3,000 miles to attack. As if you could calmly rule out every question of tactics and strategy and all the other elements that enter into a campaign!

If Mr. Wilson discreetly runs away from all details, he also breathes no word as to where the money for all this preparedness is to come from; there is no hint of the sacrifices which must be made if the people in their wisdom adopt his policy. He is merely certain that what he offers does not spell militarism; so secure is he as to the more distant future, though deeply concerned as to our immediate future, that he assures us—as if he could—that the "fact of militarism" can never come to pass upon our soil. Meanwhile, the public can only be confused by the multitude of militaristic counsels thrust upon it. Mr. Wilson's demand is for the Continental army as opposed to a large standing army; Gen. Wood, having been for the Continental army, is now against it; Lieut.-Col. W. G. Haan wants 1,025,000 regulars at once; Mr. Garrison will be content with 141,000, while Senator Chamberlain asks 175,000; Gen. Macomb, 202,000; Gen. Wood, 220,000 plus 45,000 reserve officers; the General Staff, 500,000; Congressman Mann, from 250,000 to 500,000 men. As to our navy, Admiral Kato, the Japanese Minister of Marine, says officially that it is double the strength of Japan's; the Security League says it stands below that of Japan, and Representative Padgett, chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee, declares that, ship for ship, it is the best navy in the world; Senator Lodge is certain we have not a cruiser within five knots of the speed of the Blücher, which perished because of her lack of speed.

Surely, there never was such a mass of contradictory testimony; there never was such a lack of agreement among experts, except that the experts are asking all that they think the traffic will bear. We say this with full cognizance of the large plans of the General Navy Board and of the Army General Staff and War College. No President, not Roosevelt, Taft, or Wilson, has dreamed of accepting those plans. If this question is to be solved in a businesslike way, as Mr. Wilson contends, it can only be done in the way that Senator Newlands has suggested in his proposed resolution for a joint inquiry, primarily directed to ascertaining just what we have on sea and land and its worth—which no man knows.

CONDITIONS IN ENGLAND.

That the British Government intends any radical change in its methods of blockading Germany can hardly be believed after Sir Edward Grey's speech in the Commons. For a week or two we had been warned that more sweeping and more legally questionable plans were about to be adopted. The Foreign Office was to be dragooned into giving the navy a free hand to do as it pleased with neutral commerce. And portentous figures were published to show the enormous amount of trade that was being allowed to be done with Germany. But we now see that this was mostly an artificial newspaper clamor. Sir Edward's plain tale put the shriekers down. There is something admirable in the way in which this cautious and unemotional statesman stood up in the House to meet all attacks and to show that he was master of his case. It was a display, both on his part and on that of the members whom he persuaded, of the English character which the world thought it knew. Slow, heavy-footed, not at all showy, it has a solid grasp of fact, and also a resolute purpose.

To judge fairly of the complex questions of law and policy which Sir Edward Grey discussed, we shall have to wait for a fuller report of what he said. The same matters will doubtless be taken up in his forthcoming reply to our State Department. But on the particular subject of the manner in which he met and silenced the outcries of

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the Northcliffe press, there is no need to suspend judgment. He showed that the trumpeted newspaper statistics were largely untrustworthy, and that the wrong inferences had been drawn from even those parts which were somewhere near correct. This was a victory not only for sanity but for sound methods in the conduct of public affairs. It is not to be supposed that haphazard newspaper correspondents or editorial writers, even if their motives are of the best, can from the outside and piecemeal arrive at such a knowledge of the facts in a controversy like that about the amount of goods getting into Germany, as is within the reach of a Foreign Office highly organized and now administered by the best talent that England has at command. Thus Sir Edward Grey's triumph over his critics was in reality a triumph for experts in government.

If the English people may now be expected to settle down in the belief that their foreign relations are being directed with prudence and skill, they may also take satisfaction in the result of the conference of British trade-unionists at Bristol. The vote to sustain the Government in rallying every force to bring the war to a victorious ending was emphatic. The Labor Party and the working classes in general are not going to stand apart from their countrymen in this business. They will, of course, reserve their right to criticise and complain. They will not take blindfold any bill that may be offered in Parliament. This is seen in their continued opposition to the bill for compulsory service. But on the main question they feel and think like other Englishmen. England's full power must be exerted in order to win the war. "If Germany wins," said the representative of the Dock Workers to his fellows, "nothing else on God's earth matters." On that issue, the trade-unionists are united with the rest of the country. They would say, in Wordsworth's words, that in this war all classes in England have "one lot, one hope, one life, one glory."

Such demonstrations of national unity and determination help to explain the growing hopefulness in England about the outcome of the war. Mr. Choate says that his English letters reveal a tone of rising hopefulness. This has been reflected in recent public speeches, such as those of Lloyd George; it appears even more strikingly in information from private sources. It is not a question of being cocksure or vainglorious. There is no expectation that the war will soon be over, or will not entail further terrible losses. But the general feeling is that England has at last got her war problem well in hand. Her people are ready, with stout hearts and good hope, to endure whatever may be necessary in order to achieve a just and lasting peace.

BEING DEFINITE WITH THE FILIPINOS.

The debate in the Senate on the bill for the government of the Philippines has had several unusual and even extraordinary features. That the measure should be earnestly pressed by the Administration is not, perhaps, surprising. Whatever else may be said of President Wilson, it cannot be denied that he has the quality of persistence. He has a certain Scotch-Irish tenacity which sometimes gives him the appearance of being obstinate, but which, at all events, leads him to stick to his guns. It might have been thought that, with all the big questions thrust upon him in foreign affairs and domestic concerns, he would let Philippine self-government shift for itself, for the time being. But that is not Mr. Wilson's way. He does not like to draw back in an enterprise upon which he has set out. Shortly after he was elected President, and before he was inaugurated, he made a speech in which he said he hoped that it would not be long before Americans turned over the Philippines to the Filipinos. To that hope and purpose he has resolutely clung. He is just as strong for Philippine independence to-day as he was in 1913.

The remarkable thing is not that the President is doing all he can for the bill, but that it should have such general support in the Senate. Substantially all the Democratic Senators are for it, and also a good number of Republicans. Senator Kenyon, of Iowa, has argued for it, and Senator Cummins is benevolently inclined. Even Senator Smoot has spoken a good word for it, while Senator Borah has expressed himself vigorously in favor of our withdrawing from the Philippines. How is this change of sentiment to be accounted for? It is not confined to Congress. A few explosive newspapers cry out, in the old style, against the "policy of scuttle"; but, on the whole, the press seems either indifferent to the bill or favorable to it.

Probably the European war has had its influence in changing the minds of many Americans about the Philippines. Those of them who are militarists, or students of the higher strategy of world-wars, are quick to admit that those far-flung islands are a military weakness to the United States. The sight of German colonies falling one after another may have had something to do with making this feeling more intense. Not a few naval and military authorities have expressed the wish that, on military grounds alone, we were well out of the Philippines. It is possible also that the way in which the great war has made vivid the question of the rights of small nationalities has helped to quicken the American conscience. We cannot with a straight face denounce the ravagers and oppressors of feeble peoples, if we ourselves keep the Filipinos indefinitely in subjection against their will. Such a declaration as that of the American Institute of International Law, last week, relative to the right of small nations to their own government, could not be adopted by the United States without directly implying Philippine independence.

This has been the avowed goal of our Government from the first. All parties and all Presidents have professed to be anxious to haul down our flag at Manila and leave the Philippines to the Filipinos. The only dispute has been about the wise and safe time to do it. Even the Democrats have so far been content to leave the date vague. But the bill now before the Senate is for the first time definite. By an amendment offered by Senator Clarke, it would, provided all conditions are met, fix four years from the enactment of the bill as the time when the President would be "authorized and directed to withdraw and surrender all right of possession, supervision, jurisdiction, control, or sovereignty now existing and exercised by the United States in and over the territory and people of the Philippine Islands." The reason for delay to the extent of four years is explained. Treaties will have to be negotiated; and our Government is to approach the principal nations with the purpose of getting them to acquiesce in Philippine independence, and to unite, if possible, in some form of guaranteeing the neutralization of the Islands.

The bill has not yet passed, though its way through the Senate seems to be little obstructed. The House, having passed a similar measure last year—though it left the date of independence indefinite—will doubtless readily concur. Then it will be for the President steadily to work for such international arrangements as will enable us to set up the Filipinos for themselves at the time fixed. The Manila Assembly has already hailed the definite promise as a fulfil-

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ment of native aspirations. If the great end can be reached within four years, it will be an act more to the praise and glory of the United States than would be the winning of twenty naval battles, or the trampling in conquest of Mexico or Canada.

GOVERNMENT CONTROL OF RAILWAYS.

Mr. Otto H. Kahn's article in the *World's Work* on "The Government and the Railroads" is a piece of vigorous writing replete with weighty criticism and valuable suggestion. It frankly recognizes the fundamental merits of the present system of Government control and accepts its continuance upon essentially the same principles as a permanently established fact. But he finds the actual working of the system to be in many serious ways injurious, as a result partly of the nature of the Federal laws, and partly of the existence, alongside the Federal power, of the interferences with its natural working which come from the action of State Legislatures and State Commissions.

While the strictures passed by Mr. Kahn upon these various phases of the operation of Government control are in general well considered and judicial, his argument is marred by a presentation of the actual effects that have been experienced which seems to us clearly unwarranted. "The proof of the pudding," he says, "is in the eating. Not less than 82 railroads, comprising 41,988 miles and representing $2,264,000,000 of capitalization, are in receivers' hands." He admits that "faults of management and disclosures of objectionable practices have been contributory causes in diminishing American railroad credit," but he has "no hesitation in affirming that the main reason . . . is to be found in the Federal and State legislation of the years from 1906 to 1912," and in the impression of investors that commissions are animated by an "illiberal, narrow, and frequently antagonistic attitude towards railroads." But of the 42,000 miles Mr. Kahn mentions, exactly two-thirds are accounted for by the notorious cases of the 'Frisco and the Rock Island, together with the railways of the Gould system. That the worst kind of "high finance" is accountable for the condition of the first two of these roads, it would be superfluous to insist; as for the Gould system, it is pertinent to recall that the report of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. upon the Missouri Pacific named as one of the causes of its breakdown—and what many will surely regard as a sufficient cause—"large investments in the securities of other railroad companies which, although they may have been justified at the time they were made, have since become unproductive. The amount invested in such securities aggregates about $40,000,000, and entails heavy interest charges with no counterbalancing income from dividends or interest."

Without having worked such havoc as some represent, it is true that the existing system is full of imperfections and does a great amount of avoidable injury to the railways and through them to the public. The stupendous amount of labor, the almost incredible mass of detail, imposed upon the Interstate Commerce Commission is certainly a thing for which some remedy ought to be found. That remedy Mr. Kahn seeks in several directions. He proposes that the Commission be no longer called upon to administer "the now-prevailing rigid and cumbersome system of what is practically rate-*making*" and confine itself to *correcting* for cause—on its own motion as well as upon complaint made—rates fixed by "those trained for it by a life's study, experience, and practice, *i. e.*, the railroad officials." This would be going back in some degree to the conditions of a number of years ago; but the idea is well worth serious consideration. In addition to the emancipation from a vast amount of intricate details which a change in this direction would bring about, the work of a commission would, of course, be greatly furthered through the adoption of the policy in regard to its personnel which Mr. Kahn urges. Experts of the first class cannot be expected to undertake these arduous duties so long as they are "appointed for short terms and paid salaries so modest as to make acceptance of such appointment a very great financial sacrifice to men of first-rate ability, and prolonged continuance in office an injustice to their families."

But the point at once of largest importance and of greatest gravity put forward by Mr. Kahn relates to the complications and evils attendant upon the combination of State and Federal control. Of these, Mr. Kahn makes an impressive presentation. This problem, we take it, is sure to become an urgent practical issue in the near future, and we are free to say that though we view with jealous solicitude any extension of Federal power which involves a real lowering of the position of our State governments or an interference in those affairs which have to do with the daily life or the distinctive concerns of the people of the several States, we do not see in extension of Federal control over interstate railways, even though it affect their intrastate business, an invasion of this character. The business of transportation within a State is so closely interwoven with that of interstate transportation, that the two can hardly be regarded otherwise than as integral parts of a single whole. Just how far control ought to go is a matter requiring close consideration; but that a far-reaching extension of Federal power over the subject is advisable—almost necessary—and that if carefully planned its benefits would be obtained without any injury to the status or the spirit of our system of local self-government will, we believe, be the conclusion that will be reached by enlightened public opinion.

WHAT WE CAN AFFORD TO GIVE.

"This is the best year for raising money that I have ever known," said Mr. Choate the other day, addressing the State Charities Aid Society of New York, of which he is president. We have taken occasion, more than once, to call attention to the experience of important charitable organizations in this respect, as shown in their annual reports. The phenomenon is interesting, but ought not to be regarded as surprising. From the beginning, it has been our judgment that the sending of great sums of money to the suffering millions of war-stricken Europe would not cause any diminution of support for our home charities, but would be more likely to have quite the opposite result—that the quickening of the spirit of charity would do more to loosen purse-strings all round than the mere reduction of the contents of the purses would do to tighten them. Such seems to be the showing of experience, and such seems to be Mr. Choate's opinion of the facts. "People are learning to give," he says, and the supposition that the pressing calls upon people for the relief of war-sufferers "would prevent their giving to the domestic charities and benevolent works that they have been in the habit of supporting" has been justified by events.

If it be true, as in a measure it certainly is, that the more people give the more they are likely to give, it is worth while to look a little more closely into the relation between actual and potential giving which is implied by this circumstance. People are in the habit of saying—and honestly thinking—that they give "all they can afford" for a particular benevolent purpose or for good works in general. But it is extremely seldom that the phrase will stand examination, even of the gentlest kind. We would not press the

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point too far; we quite understand that nobody in even fairly good circumstances means to assert that he would suffer serious privation if he were to give more in charity than he does. Nor does anybody ask that he should make anything even remotely approaching such a sacrifice as that. What we do wish to point out is that it is very rarely indeed that the giving of the well-to-do or the rich involves anything that can properly be called a sacrifice at all, or that what is given has any ascertainable relation to what, in any true sense, they can "afford." What they give is determined not by any calculation at all, either of what they can afford or of anything else. The amount is determined not by their deliberate thought, nor even by the limits of their generosity or their selfishness, but almost entirely by habit. It is habit that makes us go on spending lavishly for things we really don't care much for, but have become accustomed to; and it is lack of the habit that prevents us from starting to spend as we should for the tremendous new work of succor which the agony of Europe has made it the peculiar duty, as it is also the peculiar privilege of Americans to support on a grand scale.

What has been given to the war-sufferers by the well-to-do and the rich in this country, while it has been enough to do a vast amount of good, and to elicit the profound gratitude of the stricken peoples, is utterly insignificant in comparison with the aggregate income of the people of that class; and in this fact is to be found an essential part of the explanation of what Mr. Choate and the charitable organizations have observed. When a man has given, even liberally, to the Belgian, or the Jewish, or the Polish, or the Servian sufferers, he does not find himself pinched for the means of his ordinary expenditure, or embarrassed in his affairs. At most he finds that he has not put by quite as much as he expected; and if he is a right-minded man, he must realize that there is nothing to be miserable about, but that, on the contrary, he would feel very uncomfortable if he had not the consciousness of having in some decent degree contributed to the alleviation of such an appalling mass of misery as the history of the world has perhaps never paralleled, and as the imagination is certainly utterly unable to picture. He ought to realize, too, that while he is taking his ease at home, and is in the enjoyment perhaps of unusual prosperity, hundreds of American men and women are devoting their days and nights to the noblest and most self-sacrificing work—among the wounded and the homeless and the destitute; on the battle-front and in desolated towns and villages; work of healing, work of organization, work of rescue. As he thinks of what has been done and what needs to be done, of the unspeakable suffering borne and yet to be borne, is it possible for him to feel that the contribution he has so easily made is more than his share, or cast it up in his moral accounts as exempting him from other claims of charity?

From considerations like these, we feel that something more can be drawn than mere philosophizing. The practical conclusion to which they point is that the limits of what may be obtained in the way of help from American liberality for the sufferers from the most colossal of wars have not yet been approached—that an indefinite enlargement of them is attainable. The resources are there, ready to be tapped; the good will is there, ready to be appealed to. What is needed is a more persistent, more systematic, more determined, effort to bring home to the imagination of our people the nature of their duty and their opportunity. We are quite aware of the excellent work that has already been done in this line; we are quite aware of the generous response which many have made to the appeal. But there has not yet come the kind of response which befits so extraordinary an occasion, so appalling a need. To name but one feature of the case, we feel sure that many of our extremely wealthy men—men whose annual income runs into the millions or well up into the hundreds of thousands—would, if a properly organized appeal were made to them, give not only more, but ten and twenty times more, than they have given. What can be accomplished with persons of moderate, and even of very small, means, was illustrated in a recent collection for the Jewish sufferers. Let that kind of work continue, by all means, and more energetically than ever; but the time has come, in our judgment, for a fine demonstration of munificence and humanity by the possessors of the enormous fortunes and incomes of our great millionaires. Thus far, there has been little evidence that any considerable part of these have made contributions at all commensurate with their ability; but we feel quite certain that a properly organized movement—a movement which might well be organized by some leader or leaders within the group—would draw out latent resources of generosity and humane feeling which are waiting only for the right word to set them into action.

Foreign Correspondence

THE NEW FRONTIERS OF ITALY—SOUND FINANCE AND INCREASED TRADE.

By H. NELSON GAY.

ROME, January 3.

The northeastern "gates" of Italy, that have been won and closed by the Italian armies of 1915, have now been so heavily fortified that Italian military authorities believe them to be impregnable before any forces which Austria and Germany can throw upon the frontier. This is an initial success, the importance of which may easily escape the foreigner who is accustomed to think of "gates" as naturally belonging to the owner of the land to which they constitute an entrance, and who does not know that until the recent Italian victories the Alpine passes which in their strategic points form the gates of northeastern Italy have been in the possession not of the Italians, but of their eternal enemy, Austria. At the outbreak of the present war Italy had an undefensible frontier. Of the 750 kilometres which constitute the Italo-Austrian confine, but seventy-five kilometres followed the natural strategic mountain boundary; of the remaining 675 kilometres all the strategic positions were in the possession of Austria. In the section of the Tyrol more than thirty roads leading down from the Alps into Italy were held by the Austrians, and so easy did the invasion of Italy seem, that at the declaration of war last May, when Germans and Austrians were forced to leave the country, they boasted loudly that they would be back again in Milan within a week.

A premature peace, forced upon Italy by her Prussian ally after the war of 1866, obliged her then to cede to Austria that portion of a strategic frontier which Gen. Medici had just won, and consequently, during the fifty years that have followed, the fair plains of Lombardy and the Veneto, unprotected because Austria occupied the Italian side of their natural geographical barriers, have lain under the constant menace of invasion. It should be borne in mind that the hope of again dominating Venice, or of at least dismembering Italy in order in some way to regain supremacy in the peninsula, has never been renounced by Austria; German sympathy has been with the latter country, and in 1880 Bismarck even went so far as to urge agitation at Vienna for the dismemberment of Italy; as the Austrian army has always been numerically superior to the Italian army, the only way of peace and safety for Italy at that period lay in entering the Triple Alliance.

In seven months of war the armies of Vittorio Emanuele III have now thrown back the Austrians across the mountains. The number of kilometres gained is not large, but the strategic advantage won is enormous. The Italian campaign is being fought upon the most difficult ground of all the battlefields of the present European conflict. Mountain roads have to be constructed at every step, and it has been necessary even to haul heavy artillery of the 305 calibre to the tops of peaks ten thousand feet high. Progress has inevitably been slow, but the gates of Italy

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have been won, and for the first time since the formation of the kingdom of Italy the country feels secure on the northeastern boundary. This fact must be understood if one wishes to appreciate the confident state of Italian public opinion to-day. The first object of the war has been gained, and there is a universal conviction that the remaining objects will be attained in due time. No invader occupies a square foot of Italian territory. No invasion is to be feared, and Milan and Rome are to-day as tranquil and in as normal a state as New York. Italians go about their daily life as before the war, and no doubt is here entertained that their armies will continue their advance until the final victory of the Allies is won.

Austrian losses thus far are estimated at 400,000 men on the Italian frontier, and Austrian forces of at least 600,000 men are now engaged there. The gain to the Allies from Italy's offensive campaign has been, therefore, the drawing away of at least a million of Austria's fighting force from other centres of action. Official military figures are, of course, withheld, but it is positively known that Austrian prisoners taken by the Italian armies in the first six months of the war have amounted to more than thirty-five thousand men. Italian prisoners taken by the Austrians number one-fifth as many, or even less. These figures in themselves are eloquent as to the fighting qualities and morale of the two armies.

From the economic point of view Italy is in a strong position, and there is no question as to her financial ability to hold out indefinitely. The war is costing the country about half a milliard lire a month. In the five months beginning July 1, 1915, the deficit has been 2,763 million lire (about 560 million dollars). This sum has been supplied by means of an internal loan, foreign credits, etc., which have amounted in five months to 3,980 million lire, leaving a surplus of 1,217 millions; to this will be added a new internal loan of at least a milliard on January 25, 1916. To meet the interest on the loans new taxes have been imposed during the last fifteen months amounting to 374 million lire annually; to this should be added 40 millions of economies in the budget. This means that Italy has increased her revenue for war purposes by 414 millions a year, a sum equivalent to interest at 5 per cent. upon more than eight milliards of present and future loans. This financing should take care of the cost of war throughout 1916, and if the European conflict is prolonged into 1917, further taxation can be resorted to without difficulty. The important fact to be noted is that Italian loans are being contracted upon a sound economic basis. The investor who purchases Italian war bonds has the assurance that sufficient new taxes have been levied to take care of all interest upon the capital involved. The temptation to inundate the country with a flood of paper currency has been resisted and, in the words of the distinguished authority upon finance, Luigi Luzzatti, Italy of all the belligerent countries is the one, after England, to hold most closely to the pathway of sound economics and rigid financial honor.

Of all the continental belligerents Italy is the country which is suffering least from the war. In the first ten months of 1915 Italian foreign commerce has not deteriorated, but on the contrary has improved over the corresponding period of 1914; imports have increased fifty-six million lire, or over 2 per cent., and exports have increased thirty million lire, or over 1½ per cent. The increase of imports from the United States has been phenomenal, amounting to more than 586 million lire, or 165 per cent.; an increase has been shown also with Argentina, and this new business has more than offset the decrease from other sources, and the complete cessation of imports from the countries with which Italy is now at war. On the side of exportation the closing of German sources of supply has greatly aided Italy; exports have increased to both England and Switzerland, and have more than doubled to France; for the first time in many years the trade balance with France is in favor of Italy.

Government revenue increased in the first four months from July 1, 1915, by 112 million lire, and in the fifth month (November) by forty-three million lire. This has been due in part to the levying of a portion of the new taxes already mentioned, but in larger part to increased consumption, better profits in business and the promising revival in trade. The cost of food has increased about 25 per cent., but this compares favorably with 41 per cent. in England, 78 per cent. in Berlin, and 86 per cent. in Vienna. Life throughout Italy, except in the zone immediately behind the war frontier, presents little which suggests a state of war. The shops have done a large holiday business, theatre performances and concerts are well attended, and there is less anxiety over the European situation than before Italy herself entered the conflict.

AN HISTORICAL DIVISION—THE COMPULSION BILL.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

House of Commons, January 13.

Had it been possible for the Kaiser to look down from the Diplomatic Gallery upon the scene in the House of Commons last night while the division on the second reading of the Military Service bill was in progress, he might, turning his gaze upon the doorway through which streamed the majority in favor of the measure, have murmured Macbeth's despairing exclamation as he watched the procession of murdered kings pass through the witches' cave: "What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?" Not often does a host numbering 431 deploy across the floor of the House of Commons in support of the Government of the day.

Oddly enough, one such occasion happened in the early days of the Parliament that saw Disraeli for the first time in power as well as in office. On Dr. Kenealy's motion for a Royal Commission to inquire into the conduct of the judges in the Tichborne case, the number in the Government lobby opposing it was 433, two more than were mustered in support of the Military Service bill. The majority was greater, since, as the Government whip, announcing the result with commendable grammatical precision, put it, "The Aye to the right is one, the Noes to the left are 433." The unit on this memorable occasion was Major O'Gorman, hymned by a native bard as "Our portly and ponderous Major." As he frankly admitted, when challenged for reasons for his action, he was not moved by conviction. It was, as he said, a sultry night, and he thought there would be more room and cooler air in the Aye lobby.

That was an episode of personal bearing and interest natural enough in those good old days, but not practicable in the more prosaic Parliament of to-day. The distinction and the significance of last night's muster was that, composed of representatives of every section and party save the Irish Nationalists, it obeyed a call to support the Government in passing a measure revolutionary in principle. History recalls no parallel to the sudden change of public opinion that has within a calendar month taken place upon the question of conscription as opposed to voluntary military service. Among members of the Government most resolutely attached to the system that has hitherto governed the constitution of the army were two statesmen otherwise widely divergent, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour. To them, as to the mass of their fellow-countrymen in Parliament and outside, it seemed an unforgivable sin to lay sacrilegious hands on the ark of the covenant of voluntary enlistment.

Evidence of this feeling was seen in the delay in preparing a bill on the subject, and the tentative fashion in which the task was approached. When the numbering of the people was tardily authorized, the Prime Minister almost angrily protested that it had no connection with the vexed question. When the next step was taken by the floating of Lord Derby's scheme of recruitment, advocates of voluntary enlistment were assured that, so far from being demolished as a consequence of this movement, the established system would be triumphantly set on a sounder basis. When at last the Derby scheme demonstrated the impossibility of obtaining by means of voluntary enlistment a number of fighting men sufficient to carry the war to a victorious conclusion, the game of procrastination was up. Once conviction was brought home of what the Premier in his powerful speech last night described as "the absolute military necessity," the inevitable was accepted with a cheerfulness that borders upon enthusiasm. Growth of feeling on the matter is shown in the stride made within the week separating the introduction of the bill and the second reading. Four hundred and three voted with the Government on the first occasion and one hundred and five against. On the second reading, while supporters of the measure ran up to 431, opposition dwindled to 39. Thus a majority of 298 was increased to one of 392.

It is true that this increase is partly accounted for by the abstention of the Irish Nationalists, who, having voted against the first reading, abstained from taking part in the division on the second. But for the desirable object of demonstrating to whom it may concern the united force of national feeling in the three kingdoms, the situation as it is left fulfils desire. The Redmondites, representing a majority of the Irish people, are dead against any form of conscription, on the ground originally taken up by the Prime Minister, Mr. Balfour, and other prominent statesmen of diverse political faiths that voluntary enlistment will fully meet the necessity of the hour. Having made their protest on the first division, they have retired from the scene, their leader, while declaring they would take no further hostile step, going so far as to wish the bill a speedy passage to the statute book. The truth is that English-

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men, Scotchmen, Welshmen, Irishmen, whatever we be, we are each and all one in the determination to see this fight out to a triumphant finish.

The two nights' debate on the second reading, closing with the powerful speech of Mr. Henderson, the Labor member who still sits on the Treasury Bench as Minister for Education, was maintained on a high level that only occasionally dipped. For the Prime Minister it has been an anxious week. His difficulties were confronted by a patience, skill, and wealth of resource that in the main proved irresistible. It is truly said that speeches in the House of Commons, howsoever powerful, rarely command a vote. The Premier's speech last night controverted this tradition. As Mr. Pringle, a voluble and persistent exponent of the views of a small faction of Liberals, admitted, he and his band of brothers, after hearing Mr. Asquith, had resolved to withdraw their opposition. Having come down to scoff at the measure, they remained to vote for it.

The particular section of the speech that led to this unexpected conclusion was the announcement that in committee the Government will introduce amendments making impossible compulsory interference with the workmen after the war is over. Design in that direction is a bugbear invented by the Socialistic element among the trades-unions with intent to prevent recruitment. It has for weeks been preached in the columns of the otherwise obscure Clydesdale paper recently suppressed at the instance of the military authority. From week to week this sheet has told its readers that the establishment of compulsory military service is a device of the capitalists intended to muzzle and manacle the British workman in time of peace. The response has been a threat to set up a national strike among the miners. The result of the Cardiff election which sent to the House of Commons, in defiance of instruction from trade-union officials, a candidate pledged at all costs to fight out the war is not promising for success of this desperate plan.

THE LIFESPRINGS OF FRANCE—WHAT WOULD HORACE GREELEY SAY NOW?

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, January 15.

From 1871 to 1873 France—"the noble wounded one," as President Thiers named her in his appeal—paid by an interior loan the five milliards ($1,000,000,000) exacted by Germany as a war indemnity. Only then was French territory—except for confiscated Alsace-Lorraine—liberated from the presence of German soldiers. "Where did they get the money?" said Horace Greeley of the French, while all the world wondered.

That other war lasted a scant six months. This war had been waging seventeen months, and, for the greater part of that time, the most remunerative portion of the territory of France had been occupied by the German invader, when the French people, within three weeks' time, paid over to its Government, to start the national-defence loan, five and a half milliards in "fresh money"!

That is Finance Minister Ribot's expression for the part of the great loan which has been paid down, at the start, in circulating medium, in liquid money, and not by exchanging other obligations. The fresh-money part is only one-third of the amount actually subscribed for the loan in France—and yet it is $200,000,000 more than the whole war indemnity of 1871. Then, the two liberating loans had together 1,267,182 individual subscribers. This time, while war is still on, there have been more than 3,000,000 subscribers and they have paid down in this fresh money sixteen times more than the subscribers of 1871 did, and nine times more than those of 1872 who had had a year's time to recuperate from war. What would Horace Greeley say now?

Here is what a Frenchman, who was an expert observer of finance then as he is now, has to say—right seriously:

"The army of French savings has done its duty. So the loan's results are satisfactory, but only a part of the first-line army has given its measure yet. Thank God, we still have troops who could not yet come into line, and we have reserves, too. Just as, after a little rest, victorious armies take provision of new munitions to be ready for new combats, so the army of French savings—just like our soldiers and allies at the front—must amass and gather together new munitions, that is, money, to be put once again, when the day comes, at the disposition of France's Treasury. The war is far from being ended. Again and yet again, there must be arms and munitions and food for our soldiers—and milliards to pay for all.

"So long as the war lasts—and, on this point, let none create an illusion for himself—we must wait for loans and taxes or taxes and loans, one before the other or both together. Whenever Government or the Finance Minister proposes one or other or both, Chamber of Deputies and Senate will debate—but they will vote them without opposition. The people's safety, that is the highest law—*Salus populi, suprema lex!*

"Reserves we must have—of soldiers and munitions, of credit and money. Whosoever the taxpayers may be—merchants and manufacturers and artisans of every condition, capitalists and those who live on settled incomes—all of them are soldiers at the front in their own particular way. If they could fight gun in hand, they would have been called; but they must do their duty by not leaving the money they possess in hiding. They must lend their capital to the state and pay every tax no matter how hard, provided the regular powers vote it. *Dura lex, sed lex.*

"Such resources are indispensable to furnish arms, munitions, food to those who are risking their lives. None has any stricter or more imperious duty to fulfil. Our new recruits and our reserves of soldiers are ready—let us have our money reserves ready, too. There is need of all of us, defending our country."

This is what Alfred Neymarck finds to say to the myriad small investors of France, to whom he has been speaking for forty-seven full years in his *Rentier*. Within three weeks' time, at the beginning of December, the French people among whom he has his public subscribed for nearly fifteen milliards ($3,000,000,000) of the war loan, paying down on the spot, as has been said, more than one-third of it in "fresh money." The expression is new, and Finance Minister Ribot, who has invented it, is of the French Academy, and it will remain in the language. *Rubis sur l'ongle* ("ruby on the fingernail") is a French proverbial saying for such exact payment, as the old-time drinker showed he had drained the wine-cup by tilting its last red drop on his nail. In this war France pledges, with her life-blood, the money savings of all her myriad lives.

It is still the refrain heard as an undertone in all French life and sung to the swinging march of the French soldier—the *pioupiou* whose wage has been one cent daily:

> Little *pioupiou,* at a cent a day,
> Why are you going to the war?
> Sure, 'twas never business of yours
> If William runs amuck!
> —I'm a little *pioupiou* at a cent a day;
> If I'm running to the frontier,
> 'Tis because they've attacked my Mother!
> —Beware then, soldier at a cent a day,
> You'll make them weep who love you!
> —Weep who will! for if France
> Needs my blood and suffering—
> "Present!" says this little *pioupiou.*

The soldier at the front and here at the rear these he has left have the vital unity of the French people, so little understood—one in the family which is more than home to them, one in their neighborhood or *pays,* one in the beloved country of them all, the *Patric.* Those who have misunderstood, most of all those who have attacked, might have done well to examine beforehand their fond persuasions about French lack of perseverance in the light of the book of Job—for Mephistopheles, too, as we know him nowadays, is a product of German genius:

Satan answered the Lord, and said, Skin for skin, yea, all a man hath will he give for his life. But put forth thine hand now, and touch his bone and his flesh. . . .

Even Job's wife joined in:

Dost thou still retain thine integrity?

As one people, the French retain their integrity. No such sign of it could be given in battle as this eager taking up of their national-defence loan. In the cartoon of Forain, the French soldier has no fear for ultimate victory—"Provided the civilian holds out!" All the people of France, in or out of the actual fight, through bloodshed and sorrow and bereavement, are holding out. And it should be put to their moral as well as their financial credit in the whole world.

In this New Year, two wise men, not French, have spoken of France's part in this war. Guglielmo Ferrero reminds Europe: "It is thanks to France, it is because she broke the first German onrush, that the Triple Entente has had time to prepare armies, to blockade the Central Empires, to win over Italy, and now to wait till Russia has her second armament to replace what she used up uncounting in the first months of war. The unutterable sacrifices accepted and undergone by France with such stoicism give her the right to speak with authority to the Allied Powers, which she has saved from irreparable disaster."

Emile Vandervelde, who is a Belgian Minister as well as president of the International Socialist Bureau at The Hague, adds: "The German armies are at Noyon, sixty miles from Paris—and so it belongs neither to France nor to Belgium to start a peace propaganda. That is the business of those who occupy their enemy's country. The end and aim of the war is to break the German military caste. The Central Powers are now at their zenith, but in the long run their triumph will become an impossibility—to the happiness of all Europe!" And this, too, will be due to France.

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Realism in Art

NO SCIENTIFIC REALISM IN ART—REALISM OF THE INVENTORY, PROLETARIAN, AND IMPRESSIONISTIC TYPES—PSEUDO-REALISM OF THE CUBISTS AND FUTURISTS—HUMANISTIC REALISM.

By FRANK JEWETT MATHER, Jr.

To see is a mental act. The human consciousness does not reflect things like a mirror, but builds up a composite image drawn, to be sure, from particular sensations, but completed from previous knowledge by the aid of memory. One may say that a person who had touched and measured nothing and could remember nothing, could see no images at all. It would be impossible for him to build up the mental picture. At most he would be conscious of varying degrees of light and of some shimmer of color. The actual forms of things he would not see. Thus the seeing process is not only mental, but also highly individual, an adjustment between the particular attention exercised at any moment, and all of the relevant memories of experience—memories which are only in part visual. Since the particular attention and the reinforcing memories are never quite the same in any two persons, there is no universal body of things seen for the artist to imitate. The artist does not see like anybody else who has ever lived. His vision has its difference, often infinitesimal, at times most pronounced.

Any work of art must be still further removed from a world of things seen only with approximate uniformity. For the work of art, besides the artist's individual difference in seeing, introduces a number of conventions which have nothing to do with the ordinary life of the eye. Thus the painter terminates his composition sharply and geometrically by a frame. The eye, of course, vignettes its field. Between focus and complete invisibility there is no real boundary. The painter almost invariably presents his composition in a perspective that could not exist in experience. If you consider a picture as a window at the same height as the picture you will grasp the point. Ordinarily you could see little of the composition through the glass, at most the heads, the treetops, and the clouds. The sculptor, in some respects, employs fewer conventions. Yet he generally asks the license of representing colored objects in monochrome, and indulges omissions and syncopations of all sorts, in suppressing the iris and pupil, for example. In short, every work of art must add to the vision of the artist, which is personal and unique, a whole set of conventional differences which have no basis in nature or in things, but are part of man's mental inheritance.

In any exact sense, then, a work of art cannot be realistic, a true copy of a thing. Practically and socially it may be that. It may give the illusion of the thing to a great many people. Artistic legend is tediously full of such deceits. But this only means that most people are so little capable of disentangling what they see from the adherent mass of non-visual associations that they readily accept any kind of an approximation to their own mental images. In short, the grapes of Zeuxis prove rather that the birds had never really looked hard at a grapevine than that the artist was clever. It is only in a social and not in a scientific sense that realism is possible. The artist's vision may be very much like that of a great many other people. His conventions may be such as they are accustomed to. In that case they will think his pictures realistic. Probably the neolithic craftsman who scratched the contours of a mammoth with a flint on a bone thought he was a realist, and was hailed as such. As a matter of fact, nothing could be more unlike the actual appearance of a mammoth than this vigorous chart of his features and boundaries. But it did hit off very well what the cavemen knew and felt about a mammoth. If they were not delighted, they were most ungrateful. And, as a matter of fact, that most conventional means of expression, the outline, has held its own through the twenty thousand-odd years since the little masterpiece was thoughtfully graven by the artist-huntsman. The outline still seems so reasonable a way of telling what we know about things, that we constantly have to remind ourselves that it has only mental existence and is never present in external nature.

I.

It is only in very recent times that the word realism has been applied to art, yet the idea has permeated its entire course. Truth to nature has been the phrase for it from Pliny to Leonardo da Vinci. What does Lorenzo Ghiberti mean when he writes: "Giotto brought art back to nature"? Simply that Giotto's work struck him as life-like. I need not say that Giotto's work is only partly life-like to a modern eye. The landscape is hewn out of wood, the trees are topiary, there is no atmosphere, no textures. But the work, with its candor, concentration, and gravity, contained everything that the Italians thought best worth attending to. That was and is its sufficient realism. Evidently, Ghiberti equates man and nature, an eminently humanistic and Italian way of thinking. For a painter to be natural is merely for him to feel the right way, and to express the feeling with clarity. More accurately the naturalness is merely the like-mindedness between the artist and his fit public. In their human experience they find the same things and emotions important. The attempt to represent and dignify things and emotions thus consecrated by general conviction can rarely fail. The relation of artist and public is this: the artist feels like everybody else, only more clearly and strongly. To this extent he is seer and leader. But he also consents to express himself by modes and conventions which his public has accepted, or, as he introduces new conventions, to do so gently and without shock. To this extent he is the servant of the people, respecting its prepossessions and dealing with them only by persuasion. In such a condition of things the concept and the word realism will be superfluous. There is no individualism in the modern sense, no essential psychic difference between artist and public. Art is on a basis of what we may call social realism.

The breaking up of the social order of the Middle Ages, the emergence of individualism, its emphasis through Protestantism, bring about a great diversity of art. Simultaneously there appears in Flanders and Italy what we may call the realism of the inventory. This only involved a closer study of the details and accessories of art, and multiplication of such details and accessories. From this point of view Jan van Eyck and Antonio Pollaiuolo represent a common tendency. Both are anatomists, both minute topographers of the human frame: merely the Florentine studies it in energetic action; the Fleming, in repose. They both represent a perfectly natural extension of the general curiosity, neither strains very much the conventions under which he was born. Each quietly educates his public as he goes. Masaccio, in his radical interpretation of the visual world in masses of light and shade, was the first to break with the old linear conventions. He is the father of all naturalistic vision, the first artist to appeal resolutely from the thing as known to the thing as seen. Here he is really more radical than Leonardo da Vinci, who standardized for all subsequent art the main facts of naturalistic light and shade and aerial perspective. But, again, Masaccio's temper was so emphatically that of the Florence of his day, his mood so humbly traditional, that his revolutionary method of vision gave no offence. He is nevertheless the precursor of Hals, Velasquez, and of all who have tried to see with the innocence of the eye. He is, of course, the very opposite of those inventorial realists who are our theme, seeing broadly and as much as possible with his mere eye, where they see microscopically and very largely with their memories.

The realism of the inventory, since it corresponds precisely to the slackness of the average eye and to the avidity of the average curiosity and memory, has a constant tendency to recur. It is the natural method for every young artist, and for artists of any age who are painstaking in a dull, non-visual way. Gerard Dou, Balthasar Denner, Frith, Meissonier, and our J. G. Brown were realists after this fashion. The Pre-Raphaelites in general, and Holman Hunt in particular, adopted the cult of the inventory. They worked up one thing at a time, assembling the objects into a picture, just as one might put cups on a shelf. What saved these painters for art was their humility and their traditionalism. At least they escaped the dulness of their class. It should perhaps be said that very few of the little Dutch masters of the seventeenth century really deserve to be classed as inven-

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tory realists. They are more concerned with seeing than with knowing, they have beautiful and quite academic formulas of composition, and, above all, a very sensitive habit of selection. One has only to place a Dou beside a Terburg to see the difference in temper. The Dou is a dull record and assertion of smaller facts, the Terburg an exquisite suggestion of larger facts. The realism of the inventory is what almost everybody means when he uses the word realism. It is a sub-artistic conception. The triumphs of the method are not in art at all, but in such marvels of complete statement as Audubon's birds, Viollet le Duc's architectural outlines, and the various Japanese copies of porcelains in water-colors.

II.

More important for art than this naïve realism of the inventory is that which is equivalent to naturalism. Its cardinal principle is hatred of authority, tradition, style. The artist limits himself to his own experience, accepts no criticism of his preferences. Historically this sort of realism begins with Michelangelo Amerighi, called Caravaggio. It finds its most drastic expression in the work of his Spanish follower, Ribera. The weakness of both these very able artists is that they hated elegance more than they loved nature. They reject ruthlessly the symmetrical and highly stylistic arrangements of Raphael and Titian. They eschew the old decorative color, in favor of sooty and bricky tones, which render the kind of reality they value, that of character, mass, and protuberance. Revolutionary and plebeian spirits, they expel the idealized types of the art of the Renaissance, peopling their pictures instead with models caught casually from the streets or fields. These models are no longer arrayed in classical draperies of no particular texture, but in recognizable stuffs of particular weight and weave. The conditions of the Catholic reaction did not permit much departure from the traditional religious subjects. At least, the Tenebrists, as they called themselves, coarsened the old themes to their hearts' desire, and, when possible, wreaked themselves in ghastly martyrdoms and transcripts from tavern life. They were the first men to make true and to make strong in quite the modern sense. It is odd that Caravaggio's marked proletarianism should not have evoked the word realism. The Florentine critic Baldinucci called him a naturalist, and the word is, after all, more significant.

The word realism was to come tardily to qualify the work of Gustave Courbet. When he was born, two hundred and ten years after Caravaggio's death, it was like a reincarnation. The same hatred of all style and elegance, the same love of common appearance and the ways of humble folk, the same truculent egotism. Moreover, the occasion was similar. Courbet stood in the same relation of revolt against the academic classicism of Ingres that Caravaggio had earlier borne towards the academic classicism of Raphael. Half of Courbet is honest enthusiasm for homely men and things, the other half fretfulness towards the past. He declared himself the superior of all the old masters, and was afraid of not being believed. Hence his work is always a plea or a competition. Only exceptionally one finds him quietly giving himself to the character of a scene. It is a grace generally found only in his smaller works. The Burial at Ornans is perhaps the only big composition that is quite without the affectation of over-insistence. He would have been a better painter if he could have forgotten the detested Institute. As it is, there is a marked studio tinge to most of his realism. The sheer love of common humanity yields to his pride in his own achievement. He is too much in the position of "slating" the Institute. Caravaggio was really the simpler and more consistent spirit. His gusto for ugliness is more genuine, and, I think, more warm-hearted. Courbet's sophistication is betrayed in that amazing composition, L'Atelier, Allégorie réelle, the rejection of which by the Salon provoked him to his famous independent exhibition of 1855. Courbet is painting a great landscape in his studio. Over his shoulder and unnoticed the splendid nude form of a model is both central accent and tutelary genius. Portraits or groups symbolize hunting, commerce, poetry (Baudelaire), the theatre, Roman Catholicism, work, pleasure, free love, etc. Social philosophy (Prudhon), music, and realistic poetry are not omitted. On the floor, unconsidered, lies a guitar and a stiletto, the baubles of romanticism. At these a dog barks. In the background dangles a manikin, as representative of academic art. It is odd, indeed, that the word *Réalisme* should have got its currency from serving as signboard for an exhibition of which this most elaborate bit of symbolism was the occasion and central feature. Yet Courbet, who evidently regarded his studio as a sort of cosmos, could maintain that there was nothing in his Real Allegory which his eye had not seen, nothing that might not have been in his studio. The picture, which is, after all, merely a clever arrangement of portraits, was compatible with the manifesto of the Exhibition: "It has been my aim to transcribe the manners, ideas, aspect of my own generation, as fully and closely as I can."

As a matter of fact, Courbet fell far short of such a programme. You cannot compare him with men who have fully explored the "manners, ideas, and aspect" of their times. He is no Steen, no Hogarth. There is too often the taint of the doctrinaire about him, the communard that was to be. All the same, he has a rich painter's temperament. His very confections have power and gusto. His rare masterpieces have a mass and actuality and splendor of surface that recalls not unfavorably Rembrandt. The trouble with Courbet's, as with most proletarian realism, is that it rested too much on curiosity and revolt and not sufficiently on admiration and love. As an offset to the medievalizing tendencies of the romanticism of Delacroix, he is important. Yet even here more socially than artistically important. The generation that boasted Decamps, Millet, and Daumier had little need to learn artistically from Courbet. Yet Courbet, through making the highest claims for his proletarianism, got it recognized. We owe very largely to him, for better or worse, the art that oscillates between the peasantry of the world at large and the stews of Paris.

The value of proletarian realism for art it is probably still too soon to estimate. It has produced an enormous amount of dreary semi-illustrative painting, much illustration of a singularly morbid intensity. There is no common principle in the naïve ruralism of Zorn, the sentimentalism of Jules Breton, the scornful objectivity of Degas, and the caustic satire of Toulouse-Lautrec. Nor, in the American field, is the sensitive and good-humored art of Jerome Meyers comparable to the Apocalyptic transcripts which Eugène Higgins and Estelle Rice make from the same slums. The artistic weakness of much of this art of the fields and tenements has been precisely the political *parti pris* that was so strong in Courbet. It has seemed meritorious to paint the poor, the expressions of one's democracy or Socialism. It is the freedom of the little Dutch masters from such humanitarian priggishness that lets them be merely and wholly delightful. One need not grudge the proletarian art its place in the sun. It represents a perfectly normal and necessary extension of human sympathy, the recovery to art of a most various and rich domain. Only one must distinguish between proletarianism as a fashion—and it is often little more than that—and proletarianism as a vital emotion. In the latter case, from the sincere desire to enhance the emotion, style will result. You get it from the Virgilian melancholy of Millet, and as well from the rather scornful detachment of Degas. You find it in Cézanne and the early Picassos, before his cubist divagation.

This kind of work enriches an art. Yet imagine an art solely proletarian, and you will realize the limitations of the naturalistic ideal. Suppose it purged of all anti-academical snobbery, disinterested and warm; it might be as noble as a Millet, as poignant as a Daumier. What would such an art lack? Splendor, to begin with, corporeal loveliness, the beauty that is traditionally grounded in generations of choice feeling; the whole aristocratic side of art. We need not be afraid of a most unpopular word, for the aristocratic side of art is also the most general, public, and universal. Humble people cannot, and do not, find their symbols for what they most deeply venerate —their faith, their patriotism—in their own class and experience. To express these deeper feelings, they want a graver and more exalted humanity than that which is habitually before their eyes. Thus, whenever men feel generously and civically something like the heroic style will return. The god-like pagan nudities inherited from Greece may be a thousand times discredited

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and expelled, but they will always come back. These dwellers in a larger air are necessary to us; they are no more stale than are the phrases of any noble ritual. The ritual may be mumbled, the Olympians sadly travestied, but both remain eternal rallying points for the sincerest and most universal passions of the soul. So proletarian realism merely plays its corrective part in the perpetual flux and reflux. It is our guarantee that symbolism and idealism shall not assume perfunctory and empty forms. A modern art that lacked this type of realism would be in danger of dry rot; a modern art that had nothing else would soon perish through deprivation of the finer abstractions and more universal ideas. Humanity will not for long accept the official group of the Mayor and Town Council laying a cornerstone or what not, as expressive of its highest civic passion; nor will even an industrial civilization be persuaded to deny all validity to its dreams. Vision will continue to hold its own with mere eyesight and even with social sympathy.

III.

The reader will have noticed that the word realism always seems to require a qualifier. Of itself it means nothing. One always has to explain the point of view of the realistic artist. In this it is like the equally tricky word nature, which staggers unless promptly supported by a definition. Realism, however, begins to assume a quite scientific and definite meaning in connection with modern impressionism. The movement stems from Manet, with Monet, his fellow-Luminists, and Cézanne as potent auxiliaries. But there were many precursors. In particular, Hals and Velasquez and Vermeer must have resolutely sought to eliminate from the visible world as much as possible of their knowledge. Their picture was what they saw at a particular time, as nearly as possible the retinal image of an innocent eye. Canoletto was a strenuous observer of bare momentary appearances; so was Chardin. Paolo Veronese, despite his classicism, was exquisitely sensitive to the momentary relations of lights and tones. But these precursors took their impressionism somewhat casually; their inhibition of the knowing part of themselves was by no means sternly complete. Here the modern impressionists are more consistent, not to say more doctrinaire. They seek entire impersonality, and relatively they achieve it. They paint with a specialized part of themselves, keeping in abeyance the rather important balance of themselves which is not immediately concerned with seeing. Under this discipline the eye has become very much more an instrument of precision than it had ever been before. More artists see intensely and impersonally in our time than in the whole previous history of art. The gain to art is not easy to estimate. Evidently, there is the gain that comes from any delicate and accurate experimentation. But it is undeniable that if art has been materially enriched, it has been spiritually impoverished. It has too much concerned itself with what, after all, are lesser values of instantaneous observation, and has deliberately starved itself of those greater values which arise out of memory and reflection. The artist who becomes merely a seeing eye and an executing hand is like the athlete who runs with one leg tied up. He may achieve rare skill as a hopper, but a hopper he remains, and not a runner.

The sign of the spiritual impoverishment of the art of landscape painting is the singular uniformity of the product. There are four most able American landscape painters whose work I am often unable to distinguish across a gallery, though I have known and honestly admired their painting for years. In the search for absolute realism they have attained absolute monotony. This is indeed the reduction to the absurd of all realistic dogmas. Precisely what we value in an artist is not his fidelity to a universal visual substratum, but his difference. This difference depends very largely upon the things outside of visual experience, upon the whole human complex growing out of a particular past and confirmed by memory. And the identical record of instantaneous appearances, by men who, being really different, have schooled themselves to see and to seem alike, is no more æsthetically edifying than would be a chorus which persistently intoned "Twice two are four." And the single social value of the impressionist artist, namely, the superior acuteness of his vision, largely vanishes when this capacity is transmitted to others. When he shall have produced a public commanding the innocence of the eye, his usefulness will be over. Everybody will be in a way to see his own pictures as he goes.

IV.

It is the perception of this *impasse* that underlies Post-Impressionism and is perhaps its single valid premise. Since Post-Impressionism is avowedly an anti-realistic movement, any elaborate discussion of it would be out of place. Yet the examination of a theory of pure emotion may throw light upon our proper theme. The Post-Impressionist simply expresses his emotion regardless of the forms of external nature. These he distorts as the emotion dictates, or he even discards them entirely. His work is the immediate symbol of his divine rage. Evidently the doctrine is merely the last stage of that romantic individualism which has determined the art of the century. Successively the artist had thrown off academic and social authority, then his own memory, limiting art to the swift notation of a single visual experience—the impression. But the impression itself depended on the existence of external nature. This seriously limited the artist's individual expression. It was, so to speak, only half his. To make it wholly his, nothing was needed but the simple expedient of eliminating nature, leaving the emotion in its isolated purity. Such was the doctrine, and it has a sort of absurd logic. The weakness of the position is that nature cannot be completely eliminated, save by a recourse to pure geometrical symbolism. With a more fanatical logic than the Post-Impressionists, the Vorticists and the Synchromists have taken this step, making of painting a congeries of colored angles, curves, and spirals. The trouble with this extreme logical position is that nobody genuinely gets excited over this polychromatic geometry, or, if he does, his excitement doesn't in the least matter. It is merely an eccentric and negligible solace, like biting one's nails. The middle ground occupied by the Post-Impressionists is even more untenable. We have no pictorial emotions dissociated from our visual experience. We can see and paint nothing except as we have in some fashion previously seen it in nature or in art. The pure emotion of the Post-Impressionist would never ask pictorial expression at all, any more than the pure emotion of a blind man asks such expression. What the Post-Impressionists actually do is the negation of this doctrine of autonomous emotion. Practically they indulge a crafty and feeble eclecticism. They imitate recondite and barbaric models—negro sculpture, the neolithic and the Bushman paintings, the Javanese puppets. Against the academicism of culture they set the academicism of savagery. Their case is instructive because it completes the demonstration of the Impressionists. Just as these broke on the truth that there is no art of vision without its mental content, so the Post-Impressionists are breaking upon the corresponding truth that there is no art of emotion pictorially available without its visual content.

V.

As pseudo-realistic tendencies, Cubism and Futurism must for a moment detain us. Cubism, the word is a misnomer, appeals to our whole body of visual knowledge. We know much more than the figure in a single aspect. Why, then, paint or sculpture it in a single aspect? We know it all around, an infinite number of its contours are present to our mind's eye. Then put down as many of these contours as are significant, and we shall have the pictorial equivalent of the real mental image. Or, take the argument a stage further. We not merely know, say, the cobweb of contours and sections which denotes a Man on a Balcony, but we might also well know what he was seeing at the time and what he was thinking about. As part of our knowledge this, too, ought to find its place in the picture, and it does. As our knowledge grew, we might have to suggest the man's ancestry and personal history. Everything, in short, that belongs significantly in our mind as regards the subject-matter by that token belongs in the picture also. The notion is by no means uningenious, and has a perverse logic of its own. It has been formulated by persons of distinct intellectual ability. It is easier to feel its absurdity than to show it. Of course, its chief vice is its complete eccen-

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tricity. A Cubist picture is to a real picture what a sonnet of Shakespeare's in a private code would be to the original text. Moreover, the notion is untrue to the manner in which men do see and think. None of the infinite separate observations which Cubism presupposes could actually be made if the observer were always conscious of all the contours and complexities of the object. It is precisely upon the capacity to see one aspect at a time that all our knowledge depends. The Cubist theory implies a kind of recording plate upon which observations are successively superimposed. Follow this notion to its logical outcome, and it will be clear that one Cubist ought to paint just one picture which would tell everything he knew. Which reminds me of two undergraduates discussing their professors in a train. One said: "I like Y——; he knows so much." The other rejoined: "I like Z—— better; he tells you everything he knows." Such praise might be due the perfectly conscientious and successful Cubist, with the signal difference, however, that the plenary communication would be in a private code which only the communicator could read.

Futurism, which is nearly related to Cubism, again, rests upon a theory of knowledge and reality. The doctrine is Heraclitan. Everything is a flux; nothing stops for a moment. Everything moves, and the artist with it. His task is merely to make the flux visible. Practically, the pictures are like selected fragments of many objects shaken in the kaleidoscope. A night out would be represented by the wheels of the cab and the horse's ears, the penumbra of the street lamp, and the slipper of the *danseuse*, a musical phase from the orchestra, and the cork of the champagne bottle. This is Severini's formula. Russolo merely schematizes geometrically the motion of things, very ingeniously. An automobile is a streak inside of a flying wedge. Charlatanistic in its origins, boisterously iconoclastic in its journalistic manifestoes, Futurism has done nothing to belie its beginnings. Its philosophy is of the cheapest kind. Admit the dogma of the flux. Either the artist is out of it, in which case he couldn't see it futuristically, but as people usually see, in static instants created by the mind; or the artist is in the flux, in which case he could neither be conscious of its existence nor yet of himself as observing it. Philosophy exacts some sort of distinction between the artist and the flux. In failing to make this distinction, Futurism merely espouses that easy-going philosophy which expects to eat its cake and have it.

VI.

In this, I fear, tedious survey of the historical meanings of realism, I shall not wholly have failed if I have persuaded the reader that the word and the notion cannot stand alone. At best, realism has been just a cathartic, a drastic remedy for various kinds of academic costiveness. It has been at times a useful part of a varied artistic activity. It never has been, and never can be, the sole basis for a satisfactory art. Anything like an exact and scientific realism is unattainable in the graphic and plastic arts, because all seeing involves a personal act of attention, a mental act. About the only useful meaning that inheres in the word realism is the old commonsense notion that the artist finds in external nature the great fount of his inspiration. Natural appearances are his raw material which he handles, according to his mood, with relative exactitude or with the most audacious and creative transformations. And these transformations are just as real, in every proper sense, as the natural appearances which are thus transformed. They gain reality merely from being just and orderly acts of the mind, and from being apprehended by other just and orderly minds. For an artist to call himself a realist usually means nothing more than that he dislikes the more mental realities, and prefers those that are more accessible and require least reflection. In this sense a realist would be an anti-intellectualist, and there is no objection to such a use of the word. Only one should not forget that a persistently anti-intellectual art must perish, or will survive only by virtue of intellect somewhere. If we must still use the treacherous word realism, and I personally could dispense with it comfortably, it would be best to do so in the light of Leonardo da Vinci's saying that the artist is "the son of nature." By this he did not mean that the artist obeys nature slavishly, but that he regards her as the great mother, the inexhaustible provider of sustenance, solace, and inspiration. In the present welter of the meaner realisms, of pseudo-realism and contempt of nature, of deification of extravagance and eccentricity, we shall do well to ponder the worth of that social and eminently humanistic realism by which for thousands of years artists have lived joyously and have mightily achieved.

Correspondence

PERSIA AND THE PRESENT WAR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: With rare exceptions the only extant Persian books and articles are those written by European authors, few of whom have ever visited the people, and fewer still have had the means of acquiring a complete mastery of the languages which are spoken in Persia. Because of this, injustice is often done to the writer and to his subject. The history of criticism is a melancholy one. Our aim is to state facts, not to offer criticisms, and we believe in being truthful rather than being patriotic.

The situation of Persia in the present war is perhaps just as complicated as that of any of her sister nations. The majority of the Persians are wondering why great battles should be fought on their soil. They say to themselves, "We have not declared war! Why should our towns and villages be burned?" The Christians ponder in their sadness how they will ever be able to obtain redress for the injustice which has been inflicted upon them by the Kurds and Turks. These are a few of the questions that many are asking of their Government, as they hear the cannons thundering at Urumiah, Tabriz, and other points in the province of Azerbijan. In fact, the poor shepherds and industrious peasants are not a whit better informed of the reasons for the strange struggle going on within their borders than were the poor peasants of Belgium when first their neutrality was violated. They have no idea of the causes of the war.

A closer study of the situation shows that the military activities of Russia and England in Persia are by no means selfish. In 1907 an Anglo-Russian agreement was signed, which was misunderstood and termed a "Strangling of Persia." But, in fact, the law-abiding citizens in Persia were greatly indebted to Mr. Shuster, whose service in behalf of the Persian people made the Russians more anxious to interfere and give protection to the Christians and security to European commerce and industries. The spirit of the agreement was sadly misconstrued by the natives at that time. "Not only do they not seek a pretext for intervention, but their aim in these friendly negotiations is not to permit one another to intervene in Persia on the pretext of safeguarding their own interests. The two Powers . . . mentioned hope that in the future Persia will be forever delivered from the fear of foreign intervention, and will enjoy complete freedom to manage her own affairs in her own way, whereby advantage will accrue both to herself and to the world." (Communication from the British Minister, dated September 5, 1907.) Certainly Russia and England could in no conceivable way have enriched themselves by simply destroying the independence of Persia; neither could they have gained a laudable victory by destroying the Persian nationality. It was simply a chance to prevent Germany from including Persia in her grand scheme of Germanizing the Orient.

The occupation of Persia by Russia was the greatest blessing ever rendered to mankind by any government. Persia was bankrupt financially and physically. One of the oldest of the Old World empires, with an area of 638,000 square miles, an area equal to twice that of the German Empire, with a population estimated at from seven to ten millions, had only twenty-five miles of railways. Besides, no country has ever had the reputation of governing her people in a more unbusinesslike manner than Persia. Her army is poorly paid, badly, indeed shamefully, disorganized. Her people are taxed nearly 50 per cent. of their property. The Government gave the people no public schools, no hospitals, nothing but corrupt laws and political jokers.

It is interesting to take up now the Russian rule in Northwest Persia in regard to the welfare of the people. First, it made it possible to live and travel without fear of murder. Previous to the Russian possession of Northern Persia, every man was his own policeman. In the city of Urumiah men could be seen walking in the streets with daggers and guns. Secondly, Russia not only stopped all this savagery, but opened up trade routes, thus encouraging commercial activity and economic stability, unknown previously. Some months before the war, the writer met an associate in New York city who had just come from Persia. He asked anxiously: "When are you going back?" I replied: "Why should I go to Persia? I am not anxious to be decapitated." He laughed heartily and assured me that Russia had changed the old practices con-

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siderably, and no one is ever seen carrying firearms of any kind. No one is punished without Sherate rules—similar to the due process of law.

This gives us a clear insight of how the people feel about the war. They prefer the Russian rule; therefore they are decidedly pro-Russian; certainly not pro-German, for if the Central Powers win, the Turks will be paramount in Persia, and her governmental machinery will be as rusty and inefficient as it was before. The great reason, then, why the Persians are not, and cannot be, pro-German is because Germany is an ally of Turkey. There is a bitter hatred between the Persians and the Turks. The animosity is chiefly sustained by religious orders, who anathematize each other with all the bitterness of fanatical zeal, the Persians being the Shies, while the Turks belong to the sect called Sunnies. The original and fundamental difference between the Sunnies and the Shies relates to the right of the Caliphate. The former hold it to be elective, the latter hereditary; the former admit the three Caliphs who preceded Ali as lawful successors of the Prophet, the latter reject them. Such, in fine, are the differences which distinguish the two great sects of the Mohammedans, politically and religiously. Hence the implacable hostility with which they regard each other. Persians generally look upon a journey in Turkey with dread; I have never met a Turk in Persia who did not feel himself a stranger. The difference between the two sects, which has been described, proves that the Persians would not under any circumstances sympathize with the Central Powers. But we may be assured that if once the Persian clearly comprehends the principles involved in this war, his prayers will be decidedly for the Allies.

YOUEL B. MIRZA.

Johns Hopkins University, January 10.

AN APPEAL FOR BELGIAN SCHOLARS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: All scientific, literary, and artistic work is stopped in Belgium. Libraries, universities, and other educational institutions have been devastated or transformed into barracks. The scholars, research workers, also literary men and artists, have been obliged to drop their work. In many cases this means not only a private loss, but a serious delay in the advancement of knowledge. The Belgian Scholarship Committee is raising a fund to give to these worthy scholars and writers a chance to resume their work of art and science.

In most cases it will be more efficient to give them our assistance in England, in Holland, in France, or wherever they are, but in a few cases we contemplate having them brought over here. Some students who have been wounded or crippled could also be invited to come to this country.

This Committee has already received assurances from the George Washington University, the Clark University, and the Universities of Missouri and of Florida, of the free tuition of Belgian students. Besides, Belgian professors have been temporarily engaged by the University of Princeton, the George Washington University, Harvard University, the University of Pennsylvania, the Baltimore Branch of Carnegie Institution, Yale University, and the University of Chicago. In one of these cases the honorarium has been partly paid by the Belgium Scholarship Committee, and we hope that the subscriptions will be sufficiently liberal to allow us to give a similar chance to many others, and thus to be useful, at the same time, to Belgium and to our own country.

The Committee undertakes to centralize all information of this kind and to act as a clearing bureau between the American educational institutions and the Belgian victims of the war. It has also begun the organization of a lecture circuit, in order to help some Belgian scholars and at the same time to advertise its own work.

By giving the free enjoyment of the privileges of American institutions to some of heroic Belgium's best men, another result of paramount importance would be obtained at one and the same time. Most Europeans, and particularly Belgians, do not know the United States well. To live here would be an education in itself; their horizon would be broadened, and after the war they would take back to Belgium some of the American ideals. That would be indeed an excellent method to develop greater international understanding and friendship.

Besides, this special help would be a splendid way to show our appreciation of Belgium's valor and devotion to international duty and to give her a public homage of sympathy.

This Committee is a sub-committee of the Central Belgium Relief Fund, and is organized with the approval of his Excellency the Belgian Minister. We cannot expect to be helped by the general public, as is the case for the general relief fund, but we earnestly appeal to those men who are especially interested in the development and diffusion of knowledge and art. They will understand that the misery experienced by those accustomed to far better things is extremely acute, and that nothing makes them suffer more than the fact of being hindered from carrying on their original life work.

Our fund will be a separate gift from the American scholars and artists and lovers of art and education to their unfortunate Belgian brothers. Their needs are urgent. When the war is over, we propose to remit the balance of our fund to his Majesty the King of Belgium, to be used for the rebuilding of libraries, universities, and museums.

Any answer or suggestion will be appreciated. Please draw checks payable to Belgian Scholarship Committee, John Joy Edson, treasurer, 309 Wilkins Building, Washington, D. C. Checks for any amount are earnestly asked for.

GEORGE SARTON.

Washington, D. C., January 22.

"AFTER SEVENTEEN MONTHS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is most refreshing to give careful thought to the letter of Mr. W. H. Johnson, of Granville, O., which appears in your current issue under the head "After Seventeen Months."

In these days of many notes, in the midst of our bewilderment as to whether moral right or political expediency shall decide the case of civil service reform, in all the confusion and doubt resulting from concentrated attention in an attempt to follow the fundamentals of the Administration's policies, Mr. Johnson's letter purifies the mind and brings us back to a realization of the duty and responsibility of every citizen who abhors the continued existence of a ruthless Germany bathing the world in blood for the sake of "Kultur."

G.

Litchfield, Conn.

WELLS VS. BENNETT AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I don't know that I can properly offer myself as the "fair-minded third person" whom Mr. Sherman imagines as arbiter in the little controversy between Mrs. Gerould and himself. Perhaps I may at least lay claim to being tolerably unbiassed. That is, if any one were to ask me whether I prefer "The Old Wives' Tale" or "The Research Magnificent," I should probably retort, "Do you prefer curried mutton or champagne?" I see no good reason for praising Mr. Bennett at Mr. Wells's expense, or the reverse. Such processes seem to me productive of heat rather than of light.

Mr. Sherman's theory that every artist has a "working philosophy" is a good theory if the phrase is not pushed too far. Mr. Sherman is content, in demolishing Mr. Dreiser as a realist, to expound his victim's philosophy as a working belief that we are but animals of a deadlier growth. When he approaches Mr. Bennett, he is not satisfied with anything so simple. Deeply admiring "The Old Wives' Tale" and the Clayhanger series, he proceeds to furnish forth his true realist with a working philosophy of a very high order. Now I also have a deep admiration for "The Old Wives' Tale," and for the first two Clayhanger books, at least. But (and it matters not at all what divers confessions of faith Mr. Bennett may have made in his character of pamphleteer) I certainly do not find in those masterpieces—I cheerfully grant Mr. Sherman that word—the working out of any theory as to "the development of character in relation to a society which is also developing." On the other hand, my admiration is by no means restricted to the "low technical grounds" of Mrs. Gerould's. As for "These Twain," I confess that it seems to me a lame rather than "triumphant" conclusion of the matter. I think I find the trail of the serpent here—or, let us say, the Dead Sea fruits of that brilliant incontinence to which, since the appearance of "Hilda Lessways," in 1911, Mr. Bennett has so frankly yielded himself. Here is not a little of the inconsequent cleverness, of the pursuit of the comic fillip, of the voluptuous cuddling of paradox, which have vulgarized British letters for two decades. I mean paradoxes of action and character as well as of phrase. Perilously near this kind of thing lies the incident upon which Mr. Sherman builds so much—the moment when Clayhanger makes his final secret submission to Hilda: "To reconcile oneself to injustice was the master achievement. . . . In yielding, it seemed to him that he was victorious." Certainly; but does it conceivably seem so to the chronicler? Can we seriously fancy that for Mr. Bennett poor Clayhanger, in his hour of self-deceiving and therefore not quite pusillanimous defeat, "embodies at once the principle of progress and the principle of conservatism"? On the contrary, if it is to be taken seriously at all, the scene must be taken as a scene of irony. That for Clayhanger circumstance is embodied in Hilda deepens this irony; so does the gradual degradation she has suffered at her creator's hands, as the romantic veil which has shrouded her in youth

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is slowly and pitilessly lifted. In the end I am forced to see her not as the Eternal Feminine, but as the Everlasting Female—who is, I am fain to believe, a very different creature.

In reviewing "The Old Wives' Tale" on its appearance, I remember, I said that its power lay for me in the deep current of irony which I seemed to feel flowing under its trivial fond records. The impression recurred in reading "Clayhanger" and "Hilda Lessways." In "These Twain" that deeper irony too often fades to sarcasm, but, as it were, makes what headway it can against the swifter current of Mr. Bennett's obtruding cleverness. In short, I read him, at his best, not as a realist in the sense (as Mr. Sherman reads him) of a profound interpreter of his time, or (as Mr. James reads him) of a person thoroughly squeezing the sponge of his special "saturation," but as an ironist of notable power, deeply preoccupied with the homely straits of human character and experience. For this ironic spirit the Five Towns are, after all, nothing more than a local habitation.

Mr. Sherman frankly dislikes Mr. Wells because he is not a realist. This most admirers of Mr. Wells will readily concede. They may also afford to grant that "The Research Magnificent" "seems like child's play" compared with the "Old Wives' Tale." Child's play has poetic and even prophetic qualities; it is never realistic and never ironic. Mr. Wells at his worst is (like Mr. Bennett) childish. At his best he is, if one chooses, childlike—a seer of visions and a dreamer of dreams. No doubt he lacks that common-sense which Mr. Sherman values as "the one priceless possession" of mankind, and which is certainly the foundation of conduct—and of irony. But many of us believe in the equal pricelessness of certain other possessions—among them the uncommon-nonsense of a few persons like Mr. Wells, who, at their height, serve to remind us that, among the anxious brilliancies and careful ironies of our time, imagination has not yet lost its faculty of splendid recklessness, of fruitful folly. For my own part, I hail Mr. Bennett as a great modern ironist, and Mr. Wells as not the least of modern prophets.

H. W. Boynton.

Bristol, R. I., January 21.

"PREPAREDNESS" IN HOMER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is interesting to note that Homer touches upon the subject of preparedness and expresses a judgment on it which is founded in human nature, and is as true to-day as when he expressed it. Our friends of the "armed peace" programme might learn wisdom from it. In Odyssey XIX, in the introductory verses, we are told that Odysseus advised Telemachus "to lay the weapons of war within," and then "to beguile the suitors with soft words," to this effect, "fearing perchance when ye are heated with wine, ye set a quarrel among you and wound one another, and thereby shame the feast and the wooing." And then Odysseus gives Telemachus the real reason in the following words:

αὐτὸς γὰρ ἐφέλκεται ἄνδρα σίδηρος.

"For iron of itself draws a man thereto."

These words are surely spoken of the Prussian military cult of to-day, and will be spoken of any people that puts its reliance in a programme of so-called "adequate preparedness"—adequate preparedness being interpreted as a military equipment sufficient to bully the rest of the world. J. H. T. Main.

Grinnell, Iowa, January 1.

Notes from the Capital

JANE ADDAMS.

When Jane Addams was last in Washington, to preside over a world-peace gathering, the common remark was that she had lost her hold on a considerable part of her old constituency. There was a time when Miss Addams had only to open her lips and the whole country listened. Indeed, her voice could be heard across the sea, as was evidenced when John Burns, the English labor leader, pronounced her "the only saint America has produced," and other Old-World notables made use of her name and exploited her ideas in public utterances to their home people.

It would be hard to define precisely the character of the change that seems to have come over feeling here. It was recognizable in the rather perfunctory quality of the applause which greeted her appearance on the platform, and it was not unlike what has been observed here repeatedly in the cases of political leaders who have overloaded their prestige with unfamiliar burdens. It contained no hint of derogation of her earlier activities. Jane Addams, of Hull House, loomed large in the history of her special era, and is still cherished as warmly as ever in the popular affections; but Jane Addams, of the World, seems a small figure projected against a huge background. Hull House and its work she knew from centre to circumference. As her fame spread and she was drawn into other lines of activity, however, her definiteness of vision seemed to suffer. The limit was reached, perhaps, four summers ago, when she became engulfed in the Progressive party whirlpool, where "Bill" Flinn, of Pennsylvania, and other boss-trained veterans were grasping at everything in sight which might be trusted to bring a vote to the polls in November. No one human mind could have compassed such a hodge-podge as was included in the demands of the new party programme, and the leaders of the movement did not hesitate to crack a jest on the fact in private. The one great object they had in view was the destruction of a certain public man and the banishment of his following; and persons like Miss Addams were used, quite unconsciously to themselves, as advertising figureheads, to give an air of genuineness to the so-called crusade.

What did surprise many of the old supporters of Miss Addams was that she should not have apprehended the real position assigned to her in the general scheme, for she had not been without experiences calculated to sharpen her mental eyesight for the detection of tawdry illusions and false philosophy. There was the incident of the old Scotchwoman in the Hull House neighborhood, whom she found walking out one raw winter day in clothing which struck her as too thin for the temperature. Taking the fur-lined circular from her own shoulders, she threw it around those of the woman, a free gift. Afterwards, her friends suspected, she came to realize that she had done a rather foolish thing in her over-prompt response to a generous impulse; for the old woman could have been adequately protected with a less fine and inappropriate garment, and a philanthropic end accomplished by a means not so uneconomic. Every one will recall her confession of her morbid fancy, as a child, for not walking with her father in public, because she was so painfully conscious of her imperfections that she did not wish to cast discredit upon him in the eyes of other people who might suspect their relationship; but along with this went her habit of attaching herself to her uncle in the street, blindly disregarding the fact that, were any odium to come to her escort on her account, she was merely shifting it from one good man who loved her to another.

Then, there was her worship of Bronson Alcott because he was the friend of her idol, Emerson; extending to the point of surreptitiously getting hold of his cloth overshoes and cleaning them of mud "in a state of ecstatic energy." And it is a delicious story she tells of the impression left on her mind by a visit to Tolstoy, at which he enlarged to her upon his primitive theory of regenerating the world by having every one perform with his own hands the labor necessary for the supply of his individual wants, and of her coming back to America resolved to devote two hours every day thereafter to working in a Chicago bakery, on the assumption that that amount of labor would just about supply the essentials of her simple diet!

All these conceits, and a few others, born of an unwholesome habit of introspective self-analysis, she apparently outgrew as she came to a better balanced state of mind. At several she was able even to laugh soon after their occurrence. But they ought to have warned her against too ready an acceptance of any remedial nostrum with a plausible label. When Miss Boardman rebuked her for having, by an alliance with the Progressive party in 1912, arrayed the enginery of her prestige against Mr. Taft, who, as president of the Red Cross, stood for so much that she had advocated in behalf of humanity, the accuser may have been as super-sensitive on the one hand as the accused was over-zealous on the other; but it did startle many excellent people to notice what Miss Addams had let herself in for, and they are moved to wonder whither she will turn in 1916 if the Progressives desert their semi-detached allies in order to save themselves. Nor has it been forgotten that her views on lynching in the South, as publicly uttered a few years ago, laid more than common stress upon the consideration that the crime charged against the negro victims richly deserved the punishment decreed for it. Although this was not, of itself, a plea for lawlessness, it was one of those expressions to which a worldly-wise person would have preferred not to give utterance at that particular juncture, when a carnival of violence was in progress.

The tendency of such a career as Miss Addams has had of late years is doubtless towards mental "all-overishness," if we may embalm in print a current colloquialism. Hull House is, and will always remain, a magnificent monument to its founder and chief promoter, and Miss Addams is still, except for a certain surface hardening, due to contact with the larger world outside, the same vivid and interesting personality as in her comparative youth. What she has lost in the intensity of her appeal appears to have been sacrificed to an endeavor to do too much in too many alien and untried fields, with its incidental diffusion of her native force.

Tattler.

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Fifty Years of American Idealism

By WILLIAM MACDONALD.

Commenting in 1876 upon the Fourth of July celebration of that centennial year, the *Nation* said: "The hope and aim, secret or open, of all who have passionately and fruitfully labored and endured for public ends has always been not so much that any one form of government should succeed as that good government should endure. . . . It will seem, after all, a small thing, three hundred years hence, to have founded a government without kings or aristocracy. The question the world will then ask will be, not where did we lodge the sovereignty, or what new hopes did we kindle, but what valuable additions did we make to the art of living in society." One cannot turn the pages of Mr. Pollak's commemorative volume* without asking one's self to what extent those ideals, set forth by a journal which was still young, have actually come to be recognized or to prevail.

The founding of the *Nation* came at a moment which, to the country at large, appeared as satisfying as it was auspicious. The great Civil War was over. The South had been defeated, the Union had been preserved, and slavery was dead. With a mighty effort, and at great cost, the United States had wrestled with a crisis, and had prevailed. To very many, perhaps to most Americans, that told about the whole story. A brief period of rest and jubilation, a year or two of readjustment, and the course of American life would again flow on as before. Few perceived that the war marked the close of an epoch, that it had worked a social revolution, and that the years which preceded the great struggle were soon to appear, even to those who had lived them, only as a tale that is told.

The decade and more of political reconstruction which followed 1865 witnessed the emergence of a host of national issues, some of which, after fifty years of evolution and controversy, still hold the stage. In no country anywhere has there been, during the same period, a more varied array of political and social incident. The reduction of the war debt, the development of the national banking system, and the resumption of specie payment; the rapid expansion of a policy of high protection, with its seductive appeal to national self-sufficiency, its artificial stimulation of industry, and its complex relations with politics, business, and public and private morals; the riotous excesses of the spoils system, and the onward march of civil service reform; the spread of Socialism and Populism, and the spectacular fight for sound money; the effort to regulate corporations, trusts, and transportation; the wide extension of the field of Federal taxation; the problems of an unprecedented foreign immigration, joined to the filling up of the West and the disappearance of the frontier; the conservation of natural resources; the popular election of Senators and increased Federal control of elections; the outburst of Imperialism in the war with Spain and the acquisition of the Philippines; the construction of the Panama Canal; and the stunning defeat of the Republican party at the hands of a rejuvenated Democracy and a strident Progressivism, are only the larger aspects of a half-century which has seen also the industrial rehabilitation of the South, the widespread reorganization of municipal government, a prodigious spread of popular and higher education, the building of good roads, the safeguarding of personal and public health, the creation of scientific philanthropy, and an absorbing concern for the welfare of labor.

Where, it may fairly be asked, in this imposing march of events, is one to find ideals? What "valuable additions" has the United States made to that "art of living in society" of which the *Nation* spoke in 1876? Have we as a people, consciously or unconsciously, sought any ends other than such as are obviously practical? Certain utilitarian gains we have made, surely. The questioning world, criticise us as it may, concedes our industrial and financial power. But have we also lived commensurately, or, for that matter, lived to any extent whatever, a life of the spirit?

In certain weighty respects, of course, the answer to such questions must still be that which has been made times without number. The United States has not yet brought forth great art, great literature, great drama, or great music. Individual artists, writers, dramatists, and musicians we have had, and in increasing numbers, but the preponderating mass of our intellectual and æsthetic performance has found its inspiration elsewhere. There is as yet no distinctive school of philosophical or theological thought properly to be called American; and the same must be said, albeit less inclusively, of history, political economy, sociology, and law. In most of the practical applications of science America owns no superior, but its actual additions to the field of scientific knowledge do not bulk large in the total of that which the past fifty years have achieved.

Yet he would be indeed a blind and gloomy annalist who did not perceive, in these same fifty years, an underlying idealism at once pervasive and commanding. For one thing, America has given rein to the imagination in the treatment of large concerns. Nowhere in the modern world have men so obviously lived by faith. The captains of industry who carried through our great transcontinental railways, turned the prairies into fertile fields of grain and pasturage, opened the mines, levelled the forests, tamed the Indians, built up our vast factories and mills, and planted homes and schools from the Mississippi to the Pacific, were idealists. No dull clod or selfish timeserver ever bethought him of such gigantic enterprises. Only men of imagination and faith, able to visualize the future and supremely confident of their ability to bring it to pass, ventured their lives, their money, and their reputations in works like these. Around the edges of such undertakings, and sometimes, alas! nearer for a time to the heart of them, were some to whom dollars and power were indeed the only aims; but personal greed, however brutally displayed when the work was over, counted for singularly little in comparison with the vision which saw America as it would like America to be, and fought the stubborn forces of nature until the victory was won. That the natural resources of the continent are today harnessed for the service of its people is due to the confident labors of a generation which, though sneered at by Europe as a generation of money-getters, nevertheless saw visions and dreamed dreams.

Akin to the faith which has overcome mountains has been also the serene determination to make democracy practicable over a great area and among a large and cosmopolitan population. Costly as the experiment has been and is, moderate as are the results in comparison with what is yet to be achieved, the United States has never seriously wavered in its belief that the education of the whole people in the practice of self-government is the surest foundation of national happiness and prosperity, the strongest safeguard against revolution, and the best passport to world influence. It is for this that the press has remained free, even to license, and that the door of public discussion has been kept wide open. It is for this that States, cities, and individuals have poured out money like water for the education of the masses. It is for this that we have risked grave questions of policy on the results of popular elections, fought for the purity of the ballot, rooted out the grosser forms of political corruption, brought lawbreakers of social distinction to the bar, and both criticised and upheld the courts. The hurtful influence of aggregated wealth has been attacked, and many of its evils mitigated or destroyed, for no other reason so much as because of the belief that the people, if freed from coercion or bribes, will in the long run go right. The whole long warfare with special privilege and vested interest, which has occupied so large a place in American thought for a generation, has had neither inspiration nor aim save in a passion for human rights, a national belief in the right of the people to the wealth and opportunity which they themselves create. One cannot, indeed, but wish that the harvest were more copious; that education were more widely diffused, "efficiency" less of a bugbear and more of a reality, lawlessness more effectually suppressed, crime more surely punished, and class lines less obvious; but with energy and right good heart the furrow is being ploughed, and there will be no turning back.

Once more, for fifty years the United States has followed the ideal of peace. In an age of recurring wars, of world-wide

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scramble for colonies and "spheres of influence," of open alliances and secret understandings little regardful of popular welfare, the United States, save for one brief moment, has neither armed itself for war nor joined the programme of aggression. However various the causes which provoked the war with Spain, it cannot be said that the United States went into the war with unclean hands or sordid motives. We kept our word with Cuba when England, Germany, or France would almost certainly have broken hers; we averted the dismemberment of China when a thick slice was ours for the cutting; and we stayed the ambition of Japan at the risk of enmity in years to come. The United States has stood, even to its cost, for international good will, for the arbitration of disputes, for a just treatment of weaker nations, and for the tender of good offices in place of war. No nation in the world has relied so consistently upon the moral power of a just cause; and when, in the case of Colombia, unfair means unhappily got for once the upper hand, we at least, though in a bungling fashion, tried to make amends. And if to-day, with anarchy on our border and half the world at war, the nation hesitates to abandon its historic vantage-ground, and to arm itself against dangers which perhaps cannot safely be met in any other way, it is not from sluggishness, and least of all from fear; but rather that it may, in seriousness and confidence, choose the better part. For the day when a people might phrase its special or provincial interests in its own terms, and fight with arms to defend them, is passing; a new internationalism is dimly rising; and the nation which would further, on the broad plane of civilization, the "art of living in society," must embrace the world in its view.

That the *Nation*, passing judgment from week to week upon events as they occurred, should turn out to have been, in gratifying measure, on the side of the things which time has approved, is of far less importance than that it championed unhesitatingly, throughout the half-century which Mr. Pollak surveys, these high ideals. Whatever the success of its performance, its "hope and aim," at least, have been "that good government should endure." The only "classes" whom it has represented have been those who believed in the ultimate honesty and good sense of the American people; who would not tolerate the corruption of bosses and political machines, or the ignorant waste of public money; who would not debar the scholar from politics or administration, or accept poor literature in place of good, or allow a name to conceal a moral fraud. If it has been, more often than not, a two-edged sword, it is because the bone and marrow needed to be divided. President Wilson ends one of his early prefaces with these words: "I cannot claim to have judged rightly in all cases as between parties. I can claim, however, impartiality of judgment; for impartiality is a matter of the heart, and I know with what disposition I have written."

Literature

CLARA BARTON.

The Life of Clara Barton. By Percy H. Epler. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

It is a great pity that Clara Barton did not write an autobiography. On several occasions she sat down to attempt it; but her active and practical temper rebelled. She was not a trained writer, but she had in a high degree the New England gift of forthright and pithy speech, lighted with those flashes of imagination which have distinguished the sayings of such New England women as Emerson's Aunt Mary and Emily Dickinson. With such a gift, and with a life so rich in interest as hers, Clara Barton could scarcely have failed to produce an autobiography of the highest value. It is the cardinal merit of Mr. Epler that, so far as was possible, he has allowed Miss Barton to tell her own story. Having at his disposal a large number of letters and diaries, he has used them liberally and with discretion. He has the further advantage of having known Miss Barton well in her later years; and he has wisely included many excellent anecdotes.

It must be frankly said that this represents pretty nearly the sum of his merits as a biographer. His faults are serious. In the first place, he has yielded to a natural tendency to see his subject nearly always as a thing enskied and sainted. To him Clara Barton, even in her childhood, is always "the future angel of the battlefield." Sometimes this tendency leads him into the most extraordinary misinterpretations of Miss Barton's plain words. Chapter xxxvi, for instance, begins as follows:

> "I became a notable housekeeper," declared Miss Barton in a retrospect of Civil War campaigns, "if that might be said of one who had no house to keep, but lived in fields and woods and tents and wagons with all out of doors for a cooking range, mother earth for a kitchen hearth, and the winds of heaven for a chimney." This paragraph leads us to understand Clara Barton aright. It exposes her home, not as one of brick and stone, but as a place of pain, and her domicile—the cross. . . . Pathetic as is the above description of her . . . it is literally true, and remained literally true until her death.

One would say that "pathetic" is the very last adjective in the language to be applied to those gay and buoyant words. Later in the same chapter, after speaking of the distinguished men and women of her time in Worcester County, where she grew up, Mr. Epler remarks: "The result of this association with these great original minds was the birth in Clara Barton of an overpowering desire—almost amounting to a passion—to do hitherto unheard-of things for the good of mankind." Dr. Holmes once said that he should like to see any man's biography with corrections and emendations by his ghost. Fortunately, Mr. Epler has preserved a remark of Miss Barton's, quoted by an unnamed visitor, which is an admirable corrective of his own absurd bit of rhetoric. "Interviewers who went to see her with the idea of preparing obituary notices in advance," says this visitor, "generally found her busy ironing or preserving. Once, when some one spoke to her about a mission, she said, 'I have never had a mission, but I have always had more work than I could do lying around my feet, and I try hard to get it out of the way so I can go on to the next.'" The strong Yankee sense of these homely words is splendidly characteristic, and is a sufficient comment on the Christmas-card picture of her which her biographer has been trying to draw.

Mr. Epler's other faults may be dismissed more briefly. As in the above case, he often quotes without definite references; thus, in citing Miss Barton's own account of an incident, he frequently fails to indicate whether the account is contemporary or much later, and whether it is from a letter, a diary, or a public address. More annoying still is his wretchedly slipshod English. He is capable of such a word as "enthuse" (p. 239), his metaphors sometimes get badly mixed, and his solecisms are thicker than blackberries. One or two instances must suffice:

> In the atoning stream that swallows time's ticking seconds of little troubles its unessentials will be dissolved (p. 334).
>
> While fully conscious of many limitations, it has been the aim, with all these sources at our command, that the book should come forth with the force of an autobiography (Foreword, p. iv).

It is pleasanter to turn to Miss Barton herself. Born on Christmas Day, 1821, in North Oxford, Mass., she came of an old New England family with a fighting record. Her maternal grandfather had fought at Bennington; her father, as a young man, in 1793, had enlisted for the Indian wars and fought against Tecumseh under Anthony Wayne. Her immediate family showed marked practical capacity and business enterprise. Her father was a prosperous farmer, so successful that he twice moved with his family into larger and more comfortable houses. Her brothers, beginning as farmers, bought grain and lumber mills, and later cloth mills. The executive ability and mastery of detail which Clara Barton showed throughout her life were inherited traits. In this strongly practical family, however, there must have run a vein of sentiment, for they christened the third daughter Clarissa Harlowe. Apparently she disliked the name from early years; her biographer tells us that she "always" signed herself Clara Barton. But those who like to find a significance in names may be interested in the fact that she shared her namesake's amazing epistolary energy. All her life she was an inveterate and prolific letter-writer, and she left so huge a mass of correspondence that her cousin, who writes the introduction of

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the present biography, tells us that it will require at least ten years to sort and sift the documents and prepare the final Life and Letters. The divine Clarissa herself, had she lived to the age of ninety, could scarcely have surpassed this record.

As a child Clara Barton led an active, out-of-door life on the farm; "at five years old," she says, "I rode wild horses like a little Mexican." She attended a district school rather irregularly, and was taught at home by her parents and older brothers and sisters. When she was eleven her favorite brother, David, an athletic young man, was seriously injured by a fall, and his recovery was slow and painful. During this time he was devotedly nursed by his little sister at the risk of her own health. "For two years," she says, "I only left his bedside for one half day. I almost forgot that there was an outside to the house." This experience certainly heightened the extreme sensitiveness and timidity which characterized her childhood. "In the earlier years of my life," she said in her old age, "I remember nothing but fear." At a boarding school she was so wretched that she had to be taken home. But by the time she was fourteen her natural energy began to get the better of her sensitiveness. Against her mother's protest she learned to handle a loom in her brothers' mill, and the next year (1836) she began teaching in a district school near her home. She was at once successful; and the next eighteen years of her life (passed over by her biographer in a single short chapter) were spent largely in teaching. In 1852-3 she "completed her education" at the Clinton Liberal Institute in Clinton, N. Y. After another year of teaching, she went to Bordentown, N. J., where there were no public schools, and offered her services free to establish one. In five weeks her school had grown from six pupils to six hundred; prejudice was conquered, and a large school building was soon erected. At the end of 1855 her voice broke down, and she went to Washington for change and rest. Here she spent a year as clerk in the Patent Office. Having lost her position on account of her abolition sympathies at Buchanan's election, she was recalled towards the end of his Administration to help straighten out the records of the office.

The outbreak of the war found her an enthusiastic patriot. Some ringing words in a contemporary letter express the spirit of those days: "I think the city will be attacked within the next sixty days. If it must be, let it come, and when there is no longer a soldier's arm to raise the Stars and Stripes above the Capitol, may God give strength to mine!" The beginning of her work as a war nurse was unpremeditated, almost accidental. The Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, which included some of her early acquaintances, having been attacked by the mob in Baltimore, brought its wounded men to Washington. There was no provision for their care, and Miss Barton undertook the task, tearing up her sheets for bandages. Through the Worcester *Spy*, she appealed for help from home for the regiment, promising to receive and dispense shipments. Thus in her fortieth year she was drawn into her great work. During the Peninsular Campaign she met the wounded at the docks, dressed their wounds, and saw them back to the hospitals. Impressed with the fatal results of delay, she gradually made up her mind that she must go to the front. Tradition, convention, and army regulations stood in the way; and she later admitted "with humiliation and shame" that she "struggled long and hard with her sense of propriety." But her brave old father encouraged her to go; and in her own words, terse as those of a great captain, "when our armies fought on Cedar Mountain, I broke the shackles and went to the field."

It is impossible here to follow Clara Barton's heroic service on the battlefields of the war. The biography shows in a score of ways what every one knows, that in organizing her work she showed the genius of the born executive, and in carrying it out the courage of a soldier and the tenderness of a sister or mother. The passion of gratitude which she inspired in thousands of men is well illustrated by an anecdote of her latest years:

> At a meeting in Boston in 1909 she purposely sought to avoid an ovation by remaining on the platform until she supposed that the audience had all turned to go. Then she started to walk down the aisle with Gen. Shafter, with whom she was chatting. Suddenly she paused . . . to become conscious of a great audience still sitting, an audience of old soldiers, who refused to stir. As she turned toward them they rose, choking their emotions. Then the tumult broke.
>
> "Three cheers for Miss Barton!" Voices hoarse with feeling rang out on every side.
>
> "Tiger!" shouted one.
>
> "No, not tiger," interrupted another, "Sweetheart!"
>
> At this they collapsed, and the cheers broke into sobs.

Surely there are few incidents in history more deeply touching than this. Remember that it took place forty-four years after the close of the war, and that the central figure was a woman eighty-seven years old.

The end of the war brought her a new field of service—the search for missing men. For between three and four years she gave her time, without pay, and much of her money, to this search, which brought the consolation of certain knowledge to thousands of families. The most important achievement of this period was the identification of great numbers who had died in Andersonville.

At the end of 1868 she suffered a nervous breakdown, and in 1869 went abroad for "three years of absolute rest." In Geneva she learned of the International Red Cross and the treaty providing for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers, which the United States Government had refused to sign. It became one of her ambitions to induce her own country to join the nations who had subscribed to the treaty; but it was not till 1882 that she succeeded in this task. Meanwhile, in 1870, the Franco-Prussian War broke out; the officers of the Red Cross appealed to Miss Barton for help, and, turning from the prescribed "absolute rest," she again took the field. Her work at Strassburg, Paris, and elsewhere can only be mentioned here. An interesting feature of it—the organization of a garment-making plan which provided both work and clothing for the destitute poor—is humorously described in a letter to a New England friend. "Now, wasn't that the last thing you would have thought of, that I should come to Europe and set up dressmaking, and French dressmaking at that?"

After the war she travelled in Italy, and we have in her letters some amusingly frank impressions. St. Mark's, for instance, she dismisses as "a large but not handsome edifice," but she was much interested in its pigeons. In 1872 she broke down again, and during the next eight years, most of which she spent in America, her health was feeble and uncertain. But with strength restored by rest, she was ready, in 1882, to take active charge of the newly founded American Red Cross. In the course of the next fifteen years she had personal direction of relief work in a long series of catastrophes, including the Mississippi floods, the Johnstown disaster, and the Armenian massacres in 1896. In the summer of 1897, at the age of seventy-five, she went to Turkey to superintend the relief expeditions. In Cuba, during the Spanish War, she once more nursed and tended wounded American soldiers, enduring hardships which might well have broken the health of a young woman. Her last active service was in bringing help to Galveston at the time of the great storm in 1900. When the news of the disaster came, she started at once for the scene. After some weeks of hard work under the most trying conditions, she was struck down by pneumonia; but though she was now eighty, her amazing energy once more asserted itself; she threw off the disease, and remained for two months more in active service.

An unfortunate controversy in regard to her management of the Red Cross led to her retirement from the presidency in 1904; but she was by no means ready to give up her work. Not many spectacles are more inspiriting than that of Clara Barton at eighty-three, "packing her things" to go to Mexico and found a new branch of the Red Cross. It was only with the utmost difficulty that her friends dissuaded her from this enterprise. She accepted the presidency of a new organization, the National First Aid, designed to be supplementary to the Red Cross, and spent much time in promoting its interests. Her mind remained perfectly clear until her death, and her spirit undaunted. At eighty-nine she suffered a severe attack of pneumonia, and was told that she had but one chance of recovery. "Then I will take that chance," she said.

The outstanding trait of Clara Barton's character is indomitable will, to which fatigue, suffering, and sickness were not hindrances, but challenges. Her apparently in-

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exhaustible energy was due largely to this power of will. Again and again, after some great strain, her health broke down; again and again she rose from a sick-bed to perform heroic feats of endurance. At seventy-seven, in Cuba, she was capable of spending twenty-four hours continuously on duty, taking care of forty sick and wounded men. At Galveston, where for weeks the air was heavy and acrid with the stench of burning corpses, her helpers grew pale and ill, but not even pneumonia could prevent her from finishing her task. Without this imperious will, breaking its way through convention and red tape, imposing itself upon those whose help she needed—Government officials, Senators, mule-drivers, army officers—her work could never have been done. Next to this, three other traits fitted her preëminently for her great task: first, the executive ability and hard practical sense which she inherited from her New England forebears; and, secondly, the quick tact and profound sympathy, the other side of that extreme sensitiveness which in her childhood caused her so many miserable hours. It was this which gave her her remarkable success as a teacher, and which later made her the idol of the armies whom she served. Finally, she was helped to endure the horrors through which she passed by an unfailing humor that even in the midst of pain could appreciate the comedy of human things. During the Battle of the Wilderness she found near Fredericksburg some two hundred six-mule army wagons, hub deep in a sea of mud, and laden with wounded waiting to be taken to Washington. It was a question of feeding the wounded, the only available food being crackers and coffee, and the only available assistant a rather dandified young clergyman:

> Getting something as near the shape and size of a common table-cloth as I could find, [I] tied one about him and one about me, fastened all four of the corners to the waist, and pinned the sides, thus leaving one hand for a kettle of coffee and one free to administer it. Thus equipped we moved down the slope. Twenty steps brought us to the abrupt edge of the mud. . . . He imploringly exclaimed, "How are we to get to them?"
>
> "There is no way but to walk," I answered.
>
> He gave me one more look as much as to say, "Are you going to step in there?" I allowed him no time for the question, but . . . the corners of my mouth would draw into wickedness, as with a backward glance I saw the good man tighten his grasp on his apron and take his first step into military life.

If space allowed, it would be interesting to trace some of the minor and more picturesque details of Miss Barton's personality. But perhaps some of her opinions may be of greater interest. Though deeply religious, she allied herself with no sect. Brought up as a Universalist with Puritan traditions, she was strongly attracted by Christian Science, but could not accept its negation of evil. All her life she was a believer in equal rights for women. "It seemed perfectly ridiculous," she says, "that any sensible, rational person should question it." She felt strongly that "woman should certainly have some voice in the matter of war." In a letter from Germany, in 1871, she reports a conversation with the Grand Duchess of Baden, in which she pointed out the dangers of German discipline. "I said I believed in special training for all kinds of life, but that I thought it possible to train too much till the original spirit was crushed out, . . . and there was danger of Germany's doing this." Many times she expresses her hatred of war. "Men have worshipped war till it has cost a million times more than the whole world is worth, poured out the best blood, and crushed the fairest forms the good God has ever created. . . . All through and through, thought and act, body and soul, I hate it."

In person Miss Barton was slender, and her height was a little below the average. Her eyes and hair were very dark, and even in her old age her hair did not turn gray. In dress she was fond of bright colors, and would never wear black. Most of her portraits suggest the competent and practical woman of affairs; though in some of them there is an intensity of expression indicating the power of profound feeling and recalling some of the portraits of George Eliot.

CURRENT FICTION.

Clipped Wings. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper & Bros.

In "The Song of the Lark" Miss Cather recently produced a remarkable study of the genesis of a true artist. After the ridiculous sentimentalizing about the ineffable "temperament" in which recent fiction has been wont to deal, reading this story is like coming out of a close room into the clear, frosty air of the open. Here is a woman born to sing and bound to sing—obsessed, if you like, but with her art, not with herself. There is a fund of power within her; she knows that it is there, and that music is its only possible outlet. To that form of self-expression she feels herself dedicated, and there is no wavering in her pursuit of it.

Mr. Hughes undertakes here a similar interpretation of the actor's high calling. His Sheila is of less heroic mould than Miss Cather's Thea. Her impulse as an artist is not strong enough to overpower her instinct as a woman; and in consequence her career is interrupted and almost ruined at the moment when it is still hardly more than a promise. Sheila Kemble, the daughter of generations of actors, becomes a player at sixteen, against the wish of her father and mother, though they are able to take her into their own company for a time. She has beauty, and the gift as well as the will for success, and while still in her teens becomes the rising star of Reben, a great New York manager. Possibilities of marriage are not long in coming to her—with Eldon, an actor of merit, who is fated to be her leading man; with Vickery, a young playwright, who has fallen in love with her when they were both children; with Reben himself. But not one of these men would have dreamed of marrying her at the expense of her career. It is a rank outsider, one Bret Winfield, who rouses her mating instinct and at a stroke changes the fabric of her life. Bret Winfield is the young, athletic, honest, handsome, and chuckle-headed American whom we all know. He is to inherit a big business, and has exactly the kind of intelligence necessary to handle it. His college training has left his mind untouched. He likes to see a play well enough, but lacks the remotest notion as to the actor's art or character or aims. He lives in the little inland village of "Blithevale," and shares the Blithevale prejudice against the stage as a "place for women." In fact, he believes that woman's field is the home, etc.—a hopelessly old-fashioned young man. He marries Sheila, and insists upon her leaving the stage. She is happy for a time, and then the inevitable happens. Bret is busy, she is idle, and the old need for self-expression comes back upon her. At last, when she is on the verge of decline, her husband is roused to the true meaning of the situation, and himself brings about her return to the art which she needs and which needs her. The story has its evident purpose: it is, in a sense, a brief for the actor and his art. But it is not a book for the stage-struck. Mr. Hughes, from his long experience as a successful playwright, is unsparing in his emphasis upon the toils and troubles of theatrical life. He paints it as a calling which demands the highest courage and the most ruthless sacrifice, and as a calling to which many persons of exceptional character devote themselves. In manner, the book has its traces of the popular playwright and magazine-writer; but it is a book of serious substance.

Chained Lightning. By Ralph Graham Taber. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Prisoners of War. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

These two stories for boys are both rather better than the common run. The characters, to be sure, are conventional and wooden; in both we find the enterprising and literal-minded young American, with his officially humorous Irish friend. These excellent youths are guaranteed to fit perfectly into any juvenile adventure story; they are always a safe bet for the publishers. Not long ago a certain rather well-known chronicler of Western life, who knows whereof he writes, undertook to write a Western story for boys. It was returned by his highly reputable publishers, with certain suggestions which, if carried out, would make it essentially false. The author then laid it aside, and proceeded to take a course in reading boys' stories of adventure. After he had read about one hundred (consider his powers of endurance!), he rewrote his story in conformity to type; it was at once accepted by his publishers. The incident was

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told to us by the author himself; and it suggests one reason why such stories have so striking a family resemblance. A certain sort of boys' story, publishers have found, will sell; and they are afraid to experiment with anything that departs from the familiar grooves. Though they are unwilling to have their authors imitate nature, in a sense they do so themselves:

So careful of the type they seem,
So careless of the single life!

The authors of the two books we are considering have done as well as can be expected within the familiar limits. In "Chained Lightning" Mr. Taber gains novelty by giving his story a telegraphic setting. The two heroes are railway telegraph operators, who seek work and find adventure and gold in Mexico; and the chapters are ingeniously named with terms of their trade, such as The Sounder, The Armature, The Cut-Out. The author in his "foreword" calls the book a "travelogue," and it contains a good deal of fairly readable information and description and some attractive photographic illustrations. Dr. Tomlinson's "Prisoners of War" is quite as obviously designed to combine instruction with entertainment; the author even drops his story for a couple of chapters to give a sketch of some of the important campaigns. The principal merit of the story is its careful account, based apparently on trustworthy sources, of the life of the prisoners at Andersonville. The book is tolerably well written, is free from partisan bitterness, and will give its young readers a good many ideas about the war.

The Banner of the Bull. By Rafael Sabatini. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The prototype of Machiavelli's Prince plays fate in three tales of the fifteenth century. The plots and the ethics are indubitably of the period. The embellishments are not so sumptuous, sartorially or rhetorically, as other spinners of Renaissance tales have led us to expect. Instead the effort seems to have been to revert to the moral point of view of the epoch, the lusty paganism that served, for instance, an unabashed Cellini for his boasting. Probably this is as good a way as any to render plausible and comprehensible the legendary atrocities of a Cesare Borgia. Once only we have the satisfaction of seeing his implacable genius rebuked by a woman's wit, and this is the most dramatic of the three stories. In the others the diabolical acumen of Cesare makes easy game of all antagonists.

Beyond the Frontier. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

In plain histories, the exploration of North America is represented as a purely masculine enterprise, but historical romancers are wont to complicate the first struggles of man with the wilderness by introducing a damsel fair sorely in need of protection from some recreant white man, if not from Indians and wild beasts. In this fabrication the savages become a visible menace only in the finale, a spectacular assault upon Fort St. Louis. As for wild beasts, not one is sighted. But the villain is a very present nuisance from the first page to the last. He possesses himself of the heroine's patrimony, forces her to marry him, drags her with him on the hazardous journey from Quebec to the Illinois fort, murders her uncle—a poor defender, but better than none—and almost gets her lover convicted of the crime. All this, it should be explained, took place while Monsieur La Salle was temporarily in France, leaving Tonty, his lieutenant, to hold his farthest outpost against Iroquois attack and the insidious orders of a hostile Governor in Quebec. Need we add that the villain is finally confounded, the lady's lover vindicated, and the Iroquois routed with great slaughter, while Tonty, of the iron hand, continues to hold the fort in defiance of all intriguers?

GUNPOWDER AND CANNON.

The Origin of Artillery. By Lieut.-Col. H. W. L. Hime. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2 net.

In 1904 Col. Hime published a book, "Gunpowder and Ammunition," in which he undertook to trace the origin of the substances or things that gave him his title. This new work of his is merely the old one revised, increased in bulk slightly, in interest greatly, by the addition of a chapter on the origin of cannon. There is nothing to indicate that its publication is due to a desire to take advantage of the present feverish interest in affairs military; it is simply that the old edition is out of print; a new one would be called for even if profound peace reigned over the world.

Gunpowder to-day, in a military sense, is almost as obsolete as the bow. Yet it is, next to the printing press, perhaps the greatest civilizing agent, in a certain sense, that man has ever known. To determine its origin is, therefore, a question of no mean interest, and all the more that there are almost as many claimants of the honor of its invention as there were of Homer's birthplace. As every one is aware, gunpowder is a mechanical mixture of three substances, two of which must have been known to man from his earliest days. Hence, gunpowder cannot be older than the date of the discovery or differentiation of its third ingredient, saltpetre; the matter, therefore, of its invention or discovery, whichever it may be, reduces itself, on a first approximation, to the discovery of this salt. Col. Hime, accordingly, setting out to fix this essential date, puts it in the thirteenth century, because "no trace of saltpetre has hitherto been found anywhere before" this century. This is the argument from silence, but it is sufficient. The contention that the Greeks, whether classic or post-classic, were acquainted with the salt, and consequently with gunpowder, is minutely examined and completely demolished.

The same conclusions are reached in respect of the Arabs, who, like the Greeks, were acquainted with incendiaries, and the claims of the Chinese and Hindus are also easily disposed of. Two Spanish Arabs, however—Col. Hime calls them "druggists"—were, without knowing it, within an ace of the discovery of gunpowder, one at the end of the thirteenth, the other at the beginning of the fourteenth century. They had a certain mixture, but, ignorant of its qualities, took no pains thoroughly to incorporate its ingredients. Had they done so, and given the mixture such a density as would have permitted the passage of a flame, Col. Hime declares that "they would have discovered gunpowder." But even so, they would have been anticipated fully half a century by an Englishman. Col. Hime proceeds to show that gunpowder was first consciously recognized by, and known to, Friar Bacon. As every schoolboy does not know, this great alchemist, in a book written before the middle of the thirteenth century, makes it his business to show that science is more wonderful than the Black Art. In the ninth, tenth, and eleventh chapters of this book he describes some "stupendous wonder," but in language so unintelligible as to force the belief that it is nothing more or less than a cipher. We must refer to the text for an explanation (most modestly given) of the method followed by the author to get at the meaning of these mysterious chapters. The result reflects the greatest credit upon his perspicacity and ingenuity, no less than on his patience. What interests us now is that chapters nine and ten describe the refining of saltpetre (unrefined, of course, would not serve), and that chapter eleven gives, in anagrammatic form, also unriddled by Col. Hime, a recipe for gunpowder itself: "Take 7 parts of saltpetre, 5 of young hazelwood, and 5 of sulphur," a mixture that will explode "if you know the trick." But in spite of this evidence, Col. Hime is nevertheless of the opinion that gunpowder was not invented, but accidentally discovered, by Bacon; just as we know that gun-cotton was discovered by Schönbein six hundred years later.

As Col. Hime gives no reasons for his opinion, perhaps a little speculation is here permissible. Bacon himself tells us (in a work quoted by Roscoe and Schorlemmer, but not by Hime) that saltpetre in contact with ignited charcoal would deflagrate. In fact, nothing is more reasonable to suppose than that he would have tested his new salt under the action of heat, in contact with a combustible. It is no stretch of the imagination to believe that he may have made the same experiment with sulphur, and not impossibly with charcoal and sulphur together. One of these experiments produces deflagration, the other brilliant combustion; what would happen if a mixture of all three were ignited? Nor can we be far wrong in assuming that incorporation of the mate-

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rials would occur to him as an obvious step to increase the intensity of results already noticed. Whether this process, if it was followed, may be called accidental, we shall not attempt to discuss, but pure accident would have required the unintentional application of heat to the three substances casually in presence of one another.

However all these things may be, gunpowder had come into the ken of man. Bacon, unwilling to let his great work die, but fearing for his neck, resorted to cryptic methods both to record and to conceal the result of his labors. His reasons are easy to discern: we have but to recollect that the Inquisition, then recently founded, would have given a short shrift indeed to the inventor of a quasi-magical stuff, whose effects no one at the time could foretell.

In spite, however, of the effort made to conceal the secret, the composition of gunpowder became known twenty years after the record of its discovery. The Spaniards have a proverb that love and the odor of onions are not susceptible of concealment; in respect of publicity, the case of gunpowder is much the same. At any rate, it was not long before the projectile qualities of the explosive suggested themselves to man's inquiring notice, for very early in the next century cannon are mentioned. The chapter in which Col. Hime develops this part of the subject is perhaps of less interest than those dealing with saltpetre and gunpowder, but it is nevertheless entirely worthy of the company in which it finds itself.

Col. Hime quotes evidence to show that guns were invented by a German monk in 1313, exported to England in 1314, and first brought into the field in 1327. What these early pieces must have been like, we may see from the frontispiece of the book, taken from an illuminated Latin MS. belonging to Christ Church, Oxford, and of date 1327, the earliest known representation of probably the earliest piece of artillery. The remainder of the book is devoted to the history proper of gunpowder, and of the various kinds of artillery ammunition down to, say, a century ago. In his treatment of this, as of the other portions of the subject, Col. Hime gives proof of profound erudition. For it must be remarked that he has written an original book, calling for first-hand knowledge of primary authorities not only in classic Latin and Greek, but in monkish Latin and Byzantine Greek as well, to say nothing of Arabic, of old French and German and their modern descendants, of Danish, of Italian, and of early English. The sciences we take for granted. Of his authorities Col. Hime makes the happiest use: his text is thoroughly supported by his citations, some of which come out of the oddest possible corners for a scientific book. Nor is his text, as is so often the case, a rivulet meandering through a maze of abbreviated titles testifying to the range of the author's reading. Range he has, but it is the range of scholarship, free from any trace of display or of pedantry, and accurately applied to the illumination of a subject that has from the first held the attention of men in an increasing ratio.

Worshippers at the shrine of Saint Barbara have always, the world over, held their heads pretty high: Col. Hime's work will give them no cause to alter their carriage. The book is handsomely printed and has a sufficient index.

THE FAULTS OF DOCTORATE THESES.

The Sovereign Council of New France. By Raymond du Bois Cahall. New York: Columbia University Press. $2.25 net.

Canada has not been fortunate in her historians. The splendid contribution of Parkman stands almost alone in her literature; otherwise there exist but monographs to lighten the task of future workers. And on the institutional side, still less has been accomplished. Professor Munro's brilliant study of the old seigniorial system had imitators, but thus far, at least, it has had no successors.

Mr. Cahall has endeavored in some sort to repair this deficiency. Realizing, and rightly, that we are growing a little tired of the too frequent narration of its epic days, he has endeavored to reconstruct the history of that Sovereign Council which functioned in Canada during the last century of French rule. He appears to have searched all the manuscript materials likely to be of service; his reading of the printed material is exemplary. There is no doubt of his interest in his subject, and it is unquestionable that his work is of no small utility as an index to the sources of which he has made use.

At the same time, this is not satisfactory work, and, since it is typical of much that is being done in American universities, it is worth while to point out exactly why we regret that Mr. Cahall should have hastened into print. Take any monograph dealing with a subject akin to his own. It is perhaps unfair to compare it with the well-known essay of Professor Dicey, since that is work very rarely equalled in the historical field. But let us take a less-known example, like Miss Scofield's study of the Star-Chamber. Here is work that is not only exact, scholarly, interesting, but work, so to speak, which dovetails the Star-Chamber into its right constitutional position; Miss Scofield's study does not need to be undertaken a second time. Future work may well begin where she left off.

With the present volume it is different. We do not deny Mr. Cahall's diligence. The plan of his book is admirable. His style is simple and unaffected. But he does not appear to realize that a study in constitutional history must be something more than a series of notes culled from the actual sources. It must show the temporal relation of the institution considered. Why did it arise? How did it work? Why did it fail or succeed?

None of these questions are answered at all adequately by the writer. He tells us that the Sovereign Council was the third form of council given to the colony, but that is all. He furnishes a long narrative of its history that is little more than the study of its struggles against successive Governors, and then refers to later chapters for its achievements. But what did it achieve? It unsuccessfully attempted to encourage agriculture. It had a commercial policy of which the only striking thing is good intention. This is true also of its experiments in sanitation, and of its road measures. Always the desire to achieve something falls lamentably short of the ability actually to accomplish. Yet Mr. Cahall devotes nearly fifty pages to these supposed "achievements."

There is a complete absence of any indication as to the relation between the central Government in France and the Sovereign Council. Yet the latter was the creation of the former. Mr. Cahall has continually to record supervision by and appeal to Paris. Yet he seems scarcely to realize the existence of this problem. We could well have spared much else for the sake of the light which might thus have been thrown on the colonial policy of the *ancien régime*.

It would not be necessary to emphasize these deficiencies were it not that they are characteristic of much recent American historical work. The writers of these doctorate theses have any amount of diligence and enthusiasm. They spare no effort—as their monumental bibliographies bear witness—to prevent the escape of even the humblest fact; yet in the end they do no more than collect facts. The writing of history is, however, something more than this learned piling of manuscript Pelion on printed Ossa. We want a history that interprets, that relates men, institutions, ideas, to one another. We do not relish the continuous display of anatomical features; we desire some acquaintance with the physiology of history. If Mr. Cahall had written a book half the size of his present volume on the constitutional significance of this Sovereign Council, he would have done far more useful work.

There are now sixty-six volumes in the series of which Mr. Cahall's book forms part. It is a valuable series; some of the volumes, like Mr. Levine's on French Syndicalism, Miss Lowenthal's on the Ricardian Socialists, Mr. Whittaker's on the Labor Theory of Value, are indispensable. But how many of them serve any more useful purpose than to review and summarize a literature and give the writer the satisfaction of having published a book? How many are serious, and at all final, contributions to their subject? Is it worth while to publish from three to five volumes annually of these theses, when so much other work—sources, for example—cries out to be printed? It has been the principle of the Presses of Oxford and Cambridge, followed more recently by the admirable experiment of Harvard, that each volume undertaken shall be really creative work. That principle prevents the immature specialization to which Mr. Cahall's volume bears witness. Surely, this policy sets an example that other universities might do well to emulate.

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Notes

Eleanor H. Porter's new book, "Just David," will be published by Houghton Mifflin Co. in March.

Theodore Roosevelt's "Fear God and Take Your Own Part" is announced for immediate publication by George H. Doran Co.

The Macmillan Co. announces the publication this week of "The New Public Health," by Hibbert Winslow Hill; "The Aftermath of Battle," by Edward D. Toland, and "The Life of Andrew Jackson," by John Spencer Bassett.

The following volumes will be issued shortly by E. P. Dutton & Co.: "The Healing of Nations," by Edward Carpenter; "Holders of Railroad Bonds and Notes: Their Rights and Remedies," by Louis Heft; "A Thousand Years of Russian History," by Sonia E. Howe, and a volume of essays by Arthur Symons.

The following are among forthcoming publications of the Putnams: "Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln—The First American," by Henry B. Rankin; "The Way of the Cross," by Doroshevitch; "Diamonds—A Study of the Factors that Govern their Value," by F. B. Wade; "The Conquest of Virginia—The Forest Primeval," by Conway Whittle Sams; "The Philosophy of Painting," by Ralcy Husted Bell; "The Blackest Page in Modern History—Armenian Events of 1915," by Herbert Adams Gibbons. As representatives of the Cambridge University Press, the Putnams announce the publication of the following: "The Works of John Smyth, Fellow of Christ's College, 1894-8," with notes and biography by W. T. Whitley; "Runic and Heroic Poems of the Old Teutonic Peoples," edited by Bruce Dickins; "Coronation Rites," by Reginald Maxwell Woolley; "Bach's Chorals," by Charles Sanford Terry.

The following volumes are among the spring publications announced by Yale University Press: "A Census of Shakespeare Quartos," prepared by Henrietta Bartlett and Alfred W. Pollard; "English Literature from Widsith to the Death of Chaucer," by Allen R. Benham; "The Port of Boston," by Edwin J. Clapp; "Industrial Leadership," by H. L. Gantt; "The Drama of Savage Peoples," by Loomis Havemeyer; "The Covent-Garden Journal by Henry Fielding," edited with an introduction and notes by Gerard E. Jensen; "Changes in the Food Supply and their Relations to Nutrition," by Lafayette B. Mendel; "The Dated Alexander Coinage of Sidon and Ake," by Edward T. Newell; "The Diplomatic Background of the War: Germany and Europe, 1870-1914," by Charles Seymour; "Leonardo da Vinci," by Osvald Sirén; "A Topical Bibliography of Milton," compiled by Elbert N. S. Thompson; "A Manual of the Writings in Middle English, 1050-1400," by John Edwin Wells; "A Catalogue of Newspapers in the Library of Yale University" (Yale Historical Publications, Miscellany, Vol. II).

It is pleasant to call attention to a second edition of Arthur Hassall's "Life of Viscount Bolingbroke" (Longmans, Green; $1.20 net), first issued in 1889 as a volume of the Statesmen series, and now revised in view of the new material brought to light. In short compass Mr. Hassall has told the story of Bolingbroke's variegated career, and has presented the essential points in the political and literary circumstances of the age. His attitude towards his subject may be described as apologetic, and the main emphasis is laid on the real achievements of his hero, but there is little attempt to conceal the weaknesses that disfigured and thwarted one of the most brilliant careers in English history. Perhaps Mr. Hassall's most notable success is the characterization (*e. g.*, p. 22) of Harley as man and politician. We do not remember any better analysis of that baffling enigma.

"Arms and the Map," by Ian C. Hannah (T. Fisher Unwin; 3s. 6d. net), is an elementary but accurate study of the geographical growth and present boundaries of the chief nations of Europe. It indicates the more important *terræ irredentæ* where the bulk of the population of a district is of another nationality than that of the rulers of the land. It concludes with a chapter showing the strength of English and French colonizing methods and the corresponding weakness of German colonization, and a sketch map of the Balkan racial omelet which wars and statesmen have in vain tried to unscramble. The author has nothing new to say. He simply sets forth the more obvious territorial tangles which ought to be straightened out when the present war is settled.

"The Western Hemisphere in the World of To-morrow" (Revell; 35 cents net), by Franklin H. Giddings, was originally a lecture delivered under the auspices of the New York Peace Society. It is an excellent popular presentation of America's contributions to civilization. Professor Giddings shows America as the mixing-ground of races and of racial ideas and habitudes. The zeal to enlighten, through schools and missions, is one of our contributions to the world as it is to be; further, we have developed an "organized societary power" combined with a "determined individualism." We have shown that there need not be kings; we have upheld the doctrine that European interference shall not be tolerated in the New World. We have developed the "responsible state." Nay, even, in the person of Count Rumford, the New Hampshire schoolmaster, appraised by the author as the third great American, after Edwards and Franklin, we ourselves have organized the most enduring and wholesome part of German *Kultur*. "So was created one-half, the non-political half, of Kultur, that wondrous thing which all the world is now invited to admire. The other half, the political half of Kultur, is a philosophy and a habit, a habit of obeying without question or protest a state conceived as absolute, supreme above the moral law as above statute and decision. Kultur was not made in Germany. The political half of it, as everybody knows, was made in Italy, and was formulated by Machiavelli. The non-political half of it, the social efficiency half, which all the world will yet adopt and profit by, was made in Massachusetts by Puritan faith, conscience, frugality and toil, and was taken to Bavaria by Benjamin Thompson." Most of the author's contentions are acceptable on their face and are eloquently set forth; several are venturesome, but entirely suited to his special purpose.

"Conversations with Luther, Selections from Recently Published Sources of the Table Talk," translated and edited by Preserved Smith and H. P. Gallinger (New York: The Pilgrim Press; $1), seems to have been suggested by the appearance of the first two volumes of the Table Talk in the monumental Weimar edition, 1912-13. Until that edition is completed according to the plans set forth in the Introduction to the first volume, it is obviously premature to attempt any extended popularizing of this classic of the Reformation. Meanwhile, the present volume will interest readers who may care to gain a very superficial idea of a book which has probably given rise to more discussion as to the true personality of Luther than any other. When we consider that the notes of conversation here given in brief were made by various persons during a period of at least fifteen years, that they cover every conceivable topic, that they were copied and "improved," combined and recombined by later editors, we gain some little notion of the labor which awaits the conscientious translator and editor of the future. In using the phrases "recently published sources" and "new material" the present editors are quite within the truth; but this newness refers only to the fact of separate publication. Most of the matter of the "new" material has been used over and over again by the various reporters and compilers, so that our knowledge of Luther's thought is not likely to be much increased by presenting this matter as an independent source. In fact, the Table Talk must always be used with great caution as a basis for any judgment as to Luther's opinion on any subject. It is conventional to speak of these scattered utterances as revelations of his most intimate and most spontaneous convictions, valuable because they were made under circumstances most favorable to absolute frankness. We have to remember, however, that during all these years there was always present at least one reporter, and there were often several of them taking down with pious care the precious words and giving to them afterwards the widest circulation. Under these circumstances, no matter how much the master's discourse might be marked "Not necessarily for publication," he must have known that his audience was by no means limited to the walls of the Blackfriars at Wittenberg. As a revelation of personality, the Table Talk is precious indeed; as a record of opinion, it is, to say the least, open to suspicion.

The second volume of "The Works of Martin Luther, with Introductions and Notes," (Philadelphia: A. J. Holman Co.; $2), being a series of translations from Luther's writings undertaken by a group of German Lutheran scholars in America (see *Nation*, June 24, 1915), is likely to prove the most important and the most widely interesting of all. It begins with the treatise Concerning the Blessed Sacrament of 1519, and includes the three great utterances of the year 1520, the Letter to the Christian Nobility of Germany, the treatise on the Babylonian Captivity of the Church, and that on the Liberty of the Christian Man, with its introductory Letter to Pope Leo X. It gives also the remarkable series of eight sermons or parts of sermons preached in Wittenberg in 1522 after Luther's return from the Wartburg and the radical disturbances which had taken place in his absence. There could be no better way to form a suf-

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ficiently accurate judgment of Luther's whole service to the cause of religious reform than to read carefully through this extraordinary literary record. It exhibits him in the first fury of revolt against evils familiar for generations to all thoughtful men, then in the calmer and more constructive stage of definite propositions for improvement, and finally in the beginnings of conservative reaction against the extreme logical consequences of his own declarations. It is safe to say that Luther never rose to greater heights of spiritual and intellectual power than he attained in the period covered by this volume. It represents the amazing balance of qualities which gave him his unparalleled influence upon his contemporaries and which has made him at once the idol of his sympathizers and the butt of hostile critics to the present day. The execution of the work maintains the standard set in the first volume.

Mr. H. W. Garrod, of Oxford, who compiled in 1912 an "Oxford Book of Latin Verse," now publishes a similar but less expensive anthology called "A Book of Latin Verse" (Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d.). The selections are about the same in the two books. They range from fragments of the earliest period down to the last Pagan poet of Rome, Rutilius Claudius Namatianus, and to versifiers like Sidonius and Luxorius who, though Christians in belief, continue the ancient poetic tradition as best they can. Better specimens of such work might have been taken from Prudentius and Boethius; and the collection would be more representative if a few of the later Pagan bits were replaced by Christian hymns. The editor's plan is to give only whole pieces; inevitably there are exceptions enough to prove the rule without interfering with the design. In a brief introduction, different from that in the former volume, Mr. Garrod manages to present the chief moments in the development of Latin poetry. In the perpetual burst of epigram and paradox the reader's attention is not allowed to flag, though it might if the scintillation continued much longer. The writer is rather painfully anxious to say the unusual thing and to label it with his master-word "precisely"; his aim is perhaps to enliven Latin literature with the kind of interpretation that Gilbert Murray has brilliantly applied to Greek. Just as Mr. Garrod asks himself in reading Ovid, "What is the distinction between 'wit' and talent? Where is the line at which genius crosses over into mere cleverness?" so we wonder in reading Mr. Garrod whether he is giving us something profound or something Chestertonian. For the moment it does not much matter, for his little λόγος προτρεπτικός serves its end of stimulating reflection and is not beneath the dignity of a great subject. Mr. Garrod, while admitting the varied interests of Latin poetry in all its range, centres attention on the "Quattuorvirate," Lucretius, Catullus, Horace, and Virgil. It is refreshing after a century of Taine and biological analysis to have literary critics direct us to the best and to present the best as an absolute unembarrassed with a genesis. We find very happy the description of Alexandrinism and the success with which the contemporaries of Catullus avoided its foibles and appropriated its virtues. The old quarrel over the merits of the Augustan Age and its precursor is neatly settled and different excellences are meted with discrimination to Horace and Virgil. The following gives Mr. Garrod at his best:

Each poet has his reward after his kind. Horace may claim for his own most seasons of the human heart. Not profound, not ecstatic, he has discovered what we might have thought did not exist, the poetry of good sense. It is in virtue of that, that he appeals to nearly all the moods of the average man and satisfies most needs save the very highest, wise without pedantry, noble without cant, at all points humane and genuine. To Virgil belong the rarer hours when the mystery of the world and of our own souls descends upon us like a cloud, when the need for confession and communion sets life in unreal distance from us, when deep calls to deep and that which asks and that which answers are one.

The first thought that the term "executive" brings to mind is that of politics and constitutional law. That is the last thought in the mind of Prof. Enoch Burton Gowin, the author of "The Executive and his Control of Men: A Study in Personal Efficiency" (Macmillan; $1.50). He sees executives everywhere in modern society, particularly in the private organization of producers; he makes it his task to discover the source of their power and the conditions and limits of its effective exercise. He draws his illustrative material in large part from political history, but he reduces it to the general terms of psychology and sociology, and applies it to the conduct of practical business. The book, like Gilbreth's "Psychology of Management" and others that have recently appeared in this field, represents an effort to analyze and explain phenomena which the economist has been accustomed to accept as ultimate facts of human nature. The author first studies the executive as an individual. What sort of men are fitted for leadership? What stimulates them to exercise their powers? What are the conditions that help and hinder them? He gives about half the book, a division entitled Motivating the Group, to a discussion of the mode in which the executive controls men. Such chapter headings as Personality, Imitation, Suggestion, Emulation, Art, Illusion, Discipline, Rewards, Idealism, Instruction, suggest the contents. A third part discusses the reactions of the workers, and the final process of assimilation of the group. Leadership is something real and very important, but it is a thing so broad and complex that it tempts the writer who chooses it for a theme to ramble, filling his pages with biographical anecdotes and moral truisms, and leaving his reader assenting, but unimpressed. The present author has not escaped the temptation. We must wait still a long while for specialists to work on the topics of this field before we can hope to get an accurate and useful survey of it. Lacking scientific preliminary investigations the author who chooses the subject should study more carefully than Professor Gowin has done such models as Benjamin Franklin and Samuel Smiles, who founded a literature of the subject if they did not make of it a science.

Daniel Sharp Ford, owner and for many years publisher of the *Youth's Companion*, left in what is doubtless the most remarkable will ever probated in Boston—a will giving virtually all of $13,300,000 to religious and charitable organizations—provision for the institution which has since gained a national reputation as Ford Hall; an institution, his will recited, "for the use of the Boston Social Union and for such social and business purposes and for such religious, charitable, or benevolent work as the Union may desire to serve, promote, or carry on." Eleven years after the completion of the Ford Building, and eight after the beginning of the Sunday Evening Meetings which chiefly have given it its fame, the history of the Hall is told in a volume edited by George W. Coleman, its director ("Democracy in the Making"; Little, Brown; $1.50 net). For a book dealing with social meliorism through a quasi-religious agency, there is little of preaching or of "the cant of causes" in the compilation. The contents fall into four general parts, the first telling how the work at Ford Hall is done, the second what is thought of it, the third who is in the audience—sixteen typical attendants are described—and the fourth what is the character of the addresses delivered there. As a part of this review of addresses, there are reprinted in full papers read by Mr. Coleman, Norman Hapgood, President Gasson, of Boston College, John Haynes Holmes, and others. The Sunday Evening Meetings, the purpose of which is to provide for absolute freedom of presentation of the most important subjects arising in every field of thought by the ablest men and women procurable, have yet few general parallels in this country, and no exact counterpart, though the plan of holding an "Open Forum" under church auspices has much to commend it to large cities. The simplicity of the addresses, the simplicity of the spirit in which they are received, must impress many who have thought of Ford Hall as a formidable institution. Any community that can obtain workers as disinterested and energetic as Mr. Coleman and his associates ought not to find the duplication of the Hall, at least in a modest way, difficult.

"Cuba, Old and New" (Longmans; $1.75 net) is a not very well digested account of the island, by Albert G. Robinson, the well-known newspaper correspondent. On the descriptive side, Mr. Robinson is not enthusiastic, and hence not impressive. "Description of the physical features of a country seldom makes highly entertaining reading, but it seems a necessary part of a book of this kind." Unconsciously, the author merely declares his own limitations in making such a statement Fancy John Muir beginning a chapter on the physical features of Cuba in that way! The delight with which Columbus viewed the scenery of the island Mr. Robinson partly whittles away as mere exuberance of language, and partly explains as due to contrast with the monotony of long days on the open sea and among the low-lying, sandy islands and keys through which Cuba was approached. Anything green and hilly must have been Paradise after that, he thinks. The historical sketch of the island is sufficient for the ordinary reader, and is written from a sympathetic point of view, showing clearly the lack of justification for the contempt with which many in this country have looked upon the Cuban people. The conception of the Cubans as characteristically lazy is negatived, he asserts, by the actual results of their industrial activity, measured in dollars and tons. "When two and a half million people produce what is produced in Cuba, somebody has to work." Mr. Robinson is to be thanked for avoiding the tone of unqualified eulogy as to the American intervention. He believes that it was justifiable, but is not blind to its mistakes, as are so many who write of our oversea operations growing out of the Spanish-American War.

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Dr. Paul H. Clements's review of "The Boxer Rebellion" (Columbia University Studies in History, etc., No. 160; $2) leaves the reader with a comforting impression that, despite the havoc of that fantastic defiance of modern civilization, China gained a sort of moral victory, "in which was concealed the foundation of future greatness." The event is, perhaps, too recent for profitable speculation as to its influence upon the future, but it taught China some valuable lessons, chief of which was a true sense of her physical weakness. Before that trial her officials had believed her size and population to be stronger than all the rest of the world. It revealed to Europe, on the other hand, a capacity for patriotism and desperate valor that before the attack on the legations had not been suspected. The gain on both sides was appreciable. The main difficulty in interpreting this extraordinary episode to Western readers lies in their ignorance of Chinese institutions and of the history of foreign intercourse with the Empire during the nineteenth century. The latter has been sufficiently outlined for the purposes of this monograph, but the author has refrained with evident intention from examining the bases of Chinese polity out of which sprang the amazing hopes that inspired their politicians and fanatics. A study of the underlying causes which have produced the communal temper of the Chinese people would involve a work far too considerable for the limits of an academic thesis such as this; yet, while we can excuse the omission, it may be doubted if, without an understanding of the national character, the ordinary reader will find any interpretation of the uprising altogether convincing. Dr. Clements might be more justly criticised for crediting every reader with a familiarity with the story of the siege. If we do not remember what actually happened in Peking both before and after the restoration of order, his account of the actual course of events does not help us much, nor is it at all clear how the flight of the Court of Si-an, after the occupation of the capital by the Allies, complicated matters by leaving the protection of an innocent populace as well as the negotiations for peace to their diplomatists.

The famous old Empress Dowager was really the whole Government of China during this monstrous parenthesis in modern history. No treatment of the episode is adequate that does not consider the compound of subtility, energy, and abysmal ignorance involved in its protagonist. In his analysis of English and American diplomatic documents relating to the revolt (he does not appear to have consulted the French and German) Dr. Clements displays the industry of the scholar without much of the amplitude of the historian. He includes the revealing volume, "China under the Empress Dowager," by Bland and Backhouse, in his bibliography, but the significance of that remarkable account of China's great Mistress does not seem to have impressed him, nor is notice taken of the same authors' "Annals and Memoirs," or of the "Memoirs of Li Hung-Chang"—all indispensable documents for a treatise on the Boxer incident. To examine blue books without going to China is not the way to interpret Chinese history. It is only from sources such as these that we know how great a portent the "Old Buddha" was; how she balanced between fear and anger, being aghast at the menace of a popular uprising against her dynasty and resentful at the process of European spoliation; how capable she was of listening to reason, yet how a spasm of maniacal fury after the assault on Taku threw her into the arms of the extremists and the game of diplomacy into the air. To estimate the forces which determined the outcome by a scrutiny of documents and treaties, without taking note of the egregious passions of Oriental autocrats, is to miss the profound contrast between Asiatic and European history. If the personal factor, that supreme element in all European politics, is rather undervalued in this thesis, the author is justified in holding Christianity responsible for much of the antipathy of the Chinese to Europeans. The errors were those of the exponents rather than of the doctrine, of human perversity rather than of creed, yet they entailed grave misunderstandings. The convinced Christian finds it hard "to realize that a code of conduct and morals of great success, apparently, in one part of the world, may be a total failure when transplanted to another part, due to the different environment, racial atavisms, and to variability of human nature, which can never successfully be bound down to one philosophy applying to all alike." But, while we may agree that the mistakes of the time were largely Europe's mistakes, it must not be forgotten that foreigners in China have also learned much since 1900, and that the Chinese now find the emphasis in Christian teaching placed on upright living and the hope of a future life, rather than upon defaming old faiths or effacing idolatry and *feng-shui*.

Science

THE VARIABLES, OR PERIODICAL STARS.

Introduction to the Study of Variable Stars. By Caroline E. Furness. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75.

In a mid-century edition of Sir John Herschel's "Outlines of Astronomy" the number of recognized variables, or periodical stars, as he called them, was five: today there are towards five thousand. The reason for this vast increase is quite clear; formerly they were discovered by accident, as it were, while many astronomers now conduct systematic search for them. Formerly the discoveries were visual only, while now the powerful aid of photography, both direct and allied with the spectroscope, is invoked in quest of these remarkable bodies which have become numerous and important enough to require a separate and entire treatise about them.

The earliest known variable star, Omicron Ceti, or Mira, was first noticed by Fabricius in 1596, and about forty years later by Holwarda, who stumbled on something unfamiliar in Cetus which he took to be a temporary meteor. But its disappearance after a few days, and its marvellous reappearance nearly a year later, established its variability, so that the star has ever since been known as Mira Ceti. The light fluctuations of Algol, a bright star in Perseus, have been recognized since 1669; it received on that account its name of Demon Star from the Arabic. Rather more than a century later, the keen eye of John Goodricke detected the variability of Beta Lyræ; so that, somewhat singularly, each of the earliest variables known was itself a type star in the classification of these interesting objects which holds to-day.

Of still another type now assigned to the category of variables are those infrequent but spectacular objects known as new stars, or Novæ, the two brightest of which in recent years (Nova Aurigæ, 1892, and Nova Persei, 1901) were first discovered by Dr. Thomas Anderson, of Edinburgh, an amateur whose rare familiarity with the aspect of constellation and asterism to the naked eye is perhaps unsurpassed. This type of discovery is, however, relatively infrequent. Many of the periodical stars are caught in the act during the telescopic process of star-cataloguing. But variables have been detected *en masse* by the stereo-comparator, which affords but one of many methods of rapid comparison of photographic plates of any suspected region of the sky, and has brought large accessions to the lists of variables. Particularly at the Harvard Observatory has the discovery of variables been most successful by means of their peculiar spectra: certain bright hydrogen lines with dark companion lines of slightly shorter wave length. In fact, this method of detection became so certain to the critical perception of the late Mrs. Fleming that she could confidently predict the variability of certain stars by a glance at their spectra. But perhaps the richest harvest of variables has been garnered from those enigmatic objects known as globular star-clusters, the finest and densest of which are found in the southern heavens, Omega Centauri, for example. The Bruce photographic telescope at Arequipa, Peru, has provided the plates which have enabled the discovery of many hundred variables in these singularly compact aggregations of stars, their light in many cases fluctuating with great rapidity and chronometric regularity.

All this, together with the research, mathematical and other, which has been necessary in explaining the complex causes of stellar variation, has very naturally led to an expansion of interest hardly exceeded in any other line of astronomical investigation; and during the years of its most rapid growth the subject of variable stars has been regularly taught at Vassar, both by Miss Furness and by her predecessor, Miss Whitney, to whom the volume is fitly dedicated. No one but an acknowledged expert in such matters knows how diverse are the principles involved in a complete understanding of them, for which the widest acquaintance with periodical literature is prerequisite. Much historical matter is included, as well as many subjects introductory to stellar fluctuations, including charts, spectroscopy, star color, and the varied branches

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of photometry. So that we have here for the first time, in clear and simple form, a sufficiently extended presentation of those physical principles which underlie the methods and instruments of investigation, polarized light, analysis of spectra, formation of photographic images, and even the latest developments in photo-electricity, a refinement by which fluctuations of stellar brightness have been clearly revealed so minute in amount as to suggest the query whether many hundreds of thousands of stars may not be subject to periodic fluctuations within slight but nevertheless measurable range.

So precise, in fact, is this new type of photo-electric photometer as to lead Miss Furness to express the opinion that it bids fair to supersede its less delicate predecessors. What makes this extraordinary accuracy possible is the fact that even the minutest change in intensity of the feeble stellar light impinging on a surface, selenium or potassium, for example, which is electrically sensitive, causes corresponding change in its resistance or potential; and this is readily registered by some form of electrical contrivance, as a galvanometer or electrometer. With this hyper-sensitive type of apparatus, the secondary minimum of Algol was detected, only one-sixteenth of a stellar magnitude in amount; and the limit of its accuracy is only a tenth part of this, so that changes of atmospheric absorption, constantly taking place on even the clearest nights, may become a serious obstacle. Other slight errors are unavoidably introduced whose elimination requires the keen wit and deft manipulation of the practiced physicist, adding still further to that complication of accessory apparatus which in the past half-century has transformed the modern observatory into a laboratory for celestial physics.

After methods of such close precision, the results reached by photographic photometry seem crude indeed; yet it is by this method that estimations of stellar magnitude have heretofore been made in greatest abundance, because, in a single clear night, one expert instrumentalist can procure plates enough to provide for days of subsequent work by way of measurement and inference. George Bond, of Harvard, probably the first to photograph a star, sketched the method of this sort of research in broad outline nearly sixty years ago, and this observatory still maintains its position in the front rank of research because its energies have been devoted largely to measurement of the light of the stars. Miss Furness makes frequent reference to the abounding publications of this institution, not omitting the accurate work at the Lick, Yerkes, and other American and European observatories. Star color and its effect upon measures of stellar magnitude become very important in photometry by photographic methods, and Miss Furness treats of these subjects and their surrounding circumstances with fulness and thoroughness. The sort of telescope employed, the kind of photographic plate and its development, the place of a star in the classification of spectra, and especially the stellar image whether in focus or out—all are immediately concerned in coördinating visual and stellar magnitudes. Also the relation of color to successive stages of stellar evolution is found to be intimate and ascertainable with a fair degree of confidence.

Even cruder seem all the earlier results of merely visual photometry, from the rough classification by Hipparchus of all the lucid stars into six groups called magnitudes, and of Ptolemy, who, recognizing the fact that all the stars of a certain group could not be equal in brightness, assigned intermediate subdivisions which were accepted without question for centuries. The elder Herschel introduced a marked refinement of difference, and Argelander first subdivided the direct estimates of magnitude on a scale of even tenths. This led to the application of polarizing photometers in great variety, with results of exceeding accuracy for those days. Zöllner's photometer, Pickering's meridian photometer, and the wedge photometer of the Yerkes Observatory are the types figured and fully described. Incidentally, the treatment of polarized light is wholly acceptable, as no astronomical text discusses it adequately.

Perhaps the best of all the chapters in this admirable and authoritative volume is the one entitled Stellar Magnitude, which contains a comprehensive history of important researches, from the early Greek astronomers to the present day, indicating the difficulties encountered and overcome by one astronomer after another, and concluding with a brief discussion of the psycho-physical law of Fechner with which the problem is intimately connected. Of all the historic investigations of star magnitude, that of Gould in the southern hemisphere possesses even dramatic interest at the present time:

> Gould had been summoned by the Argentine Republic to establish a national observatory at Cordoba, several hundred miles inland from the city of Buenos Aires. He arrived there during the year 1870 with four young men who were to act as his assistants, and with no luggage except his personal belongings, the war then raging in Europe having interfered with the shipment of boxes containing astronomical books. No instruments were at hand except opera-glasses. . . . It appeared to him that the energies of his party could not be better employed than in determining the relative magnitudes of the southern stars, for the formation of an Uranometry similar to that of Argelander. By means of a star catalogue which he had with him, he plotted the positions of the brighter stars upon skeleton maps, and inserted the fainter stars from direct estimation in the sky.

Gould and his assistants found that many of the southern stars showed signs of variability, and they were made objects of particular observation.

Another chapter of special fulness and lucidity deals with a type of stars known as eclipsing binaries; double stars, that is, whose components revolve round each other, though too near together to be separated optically by even the most powerful telescopes. The shifting and often complicated relations of lines in their spectra reveal their relative motion unmistakably; and although but a quarter of a century has elapsed since the discovery of the first one, catalogues already include many hundreds of these objects which have excited the keenest interest of astronomers. Russell and Shapley, at Princeton, have developed the mathematical theory of this research, and no less than thirteen of the great observatories, from Russia to California, and from Canada to the Cape of Good Hope, are associated in these important investigations, which have led to most striking results as to orbits, sizes, masses, and in a few cases even the distances of such bodies from the solar system. In fact, these novel methods afford the only convincing data we have regarding the actual sizes of bodies in the stellar universe, and so far they indicate that a star a million miles in diameter, about the size of our own sun, is one approaching the average of stellar dimension.

Then come the long-period variables, many of which are decidedly reddish and none of which belong in the class of spectroscopic binaries. Very peculiar, enigmatic ev[illegible], many of them are, with extremely capricious fluctuations. Some of the Novæ are here considered, as variables having but a single maximum. Here, too, are characteristic notes of the lives of many astronomers who have contributed to our knowledge of these bodies, among them Gould and Chandler in America, and Goodricke in England, who was a deaf mute, but in spite of his infirmity received a good education in classics and mathematics. In the garden behind the house of his friend Pigott, the two carried on their observations; at eighteen he had established the period of Algol, and suggested the eclipse theory in explanation; he discovered the variability of Beta Lyræ and Delta Cephei, with their periods, and died when only twenty-two.

This useful volume contains, next, a statistical study of the variables, quite technical in character, in which the number, length of period, range, color, spectrum, and position relative to the Milky Way are the elements that are correlated. And the volume ends with a chapter of hints to observers, with a bibliographic nucleus; also appendices containing tables and descriptions of the excellent half-tone plates reproducing stellar spectra of various types. Other plates represent instrumental details clearly, and still others are of artistic and historic interest, as the frontispiece from Bayer's Uranometria, 1639.

Printers' and other obvious errors are not very abundant: Frost, spectrograph 323, Kirchhoff 218, confusing interchange of two lines near the bottom of page 165, Huyghens 112, Clinton not Hamilton 51, and the Greek name of the *Almagest* would preferably be given in the nominative 81. The index is ample, and the author has performed her task with a fidelity and completeness which will render this treatise an acceptable standard to student and investigator alike.

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Drama

AMERICAN DRAMA.

The Case of American Drama. By Thomas H. Dickinson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

This is one of the best books on the general subject of American Drama that has been printed in a long while. It is the work of a capable, serious, sanguine, but conscientious student, who, in dealing with the past, present, and future, seeks, philosophically, the causes of results in existing conditions. He is eminently judicious in his selection of facts and in many of the theories deduced from them, but, apparently, he has little acquaintance with the practical working details of theatrical machinery. Actually, he divines the crux of the whole problem when he says that "the art of the player lies at the very centre of the whole art of the theatre." He is just and discriminating in his summary of the good points in the plan of the New Theatre. That was admirable in many respects. The subsequent miscarriage was due not so much to mistaken theory as to disregard of the essential preliminaries prescribed by long experience. He is logical, discerning, and highly interesting when he traces the fundamental analogies between existing conditions here and those prevailing on the European Continent before the establishment of governmental theatres, whether national, state, or municipal. And he is absolutely right in declaring that the preëminent value of such institutions lies in their efficacy as repositories and conservators of the best standards, but he is less convincing when he proclaims the necessity of endowment. This is a complex and difficult question. Much may be said on either side, for or against. He overlooks the fact that in England and America there was no endowment in the golden age of the stage. The point is too weighty to be argued in a few sentences. The services rendered by the Théâtre Français—in the creation of a national art and a national spirit—are obvious and indisputable, but it must not be forgotten that it was started with a body of the best actors obtainable, and had behind it the Conservatory, as an artistic reservoir to supply all deficiencies. The New Theatre's failure must be ascribed, primarily, to the fact that it had no adequate company of trained players, which is the first desideratum. Moreover, it was heavily handicapped by bad acoustics. The art of acting, as the author perceives, is best taught in stock companies, and it may be added that a healthful competition—the natural accompaniment of a stock company system—is more artistically fruitful than endowment. Coddling is not good for art. It is certain, of course, that the conductors of the stage ought to be theatrical experts.

There are some admirable pages on the value, and necessity, of capable criticism. It is doubtful, however, whether any new laws of technique are needed. Those we have are sufficiently elastic. An article on the social sanction of drama is singularly thoughtful, perceptive, and closely reasoned. The thread of it cannot be briefly indicated. It exhibits a thorough comprehension, rare in these days, of the scope, the functions, and the potentialities of the theatre. His conclusions, but not all his premises, will meet with general acceptance. He is apt to be too abstruse, and a trifle illogical in his explanations of the obvious. And he seems to labor under some confusion in regard to the distinction between dramatic truth and construction or technique. Actually, there is no invariable connection between them. Dramatic truth, of the highest order, may be found in drama, whose technique—whatever meaning may be attached to an abused word—is extremely faulty. There are abundant instances in Shakespeare. Technique, as he says, is a variable thing, but it is subject to certain absolute laws which have grown out of the accumulated experience of centuries. All plays must have a beginning, a middle, and an ending. He writes with clear insight of the inter-relationship between the substance of drama and that of its contemporary society. The fact is axiomatic, and the bare statement of it a truism. But it is a truism which may be quoted, disingenuously, in support of a pernicious fallacy, patent in the modern managerial dogma, that the theatre must give what the public wants.

There is a taint of this heresy in his otherwise excellent paper on the Stage in America, but more clearly than any recent writer, he exposes the inherent economic folly of the monopolistic scheme of the syndicates, which, in their greed and ignorance, conspired to gather all the golden eggs, and only succeeded in killing the goose which laid them. He considers his subject from fresh points of view and supports his arguments with undeniable facts. What he says about fictitious values is true and pregnant. In accounting for the success of vaudeville and the movies, however—though he is right as far as he goes—he betrays his inexperience of actual theatrical conditions. He misses, curiously enough, the most weighty charge in the indictment against modern commercial management, which is that it has stopped the production of actors. His defence of "professionalism" is entirely superfluous. That—no matter how many good independent or amateur companies we may have—will always be indispensable. The difficulty with the syndicate managers is that they are not professionals, and know little or nothing of the art which they exploit. The heads of the old competitive stock companies were always expert in all the secrets of production, and, as a rule, actors of the first rank. The real problem to-day is how stock companies may be established and guarded against speculative interference. Mr. Dickinson, seemingly, is no believer in such a system, but what else are the local independent institutions to which he, rightly, attaches such importance?

He writes most attractively and enthusiastically of the open-air theatres, pageants, masques, festivals, chronicles, etc., all of which doubtless have much social and artistic value and a certain kinship with the regular drama. But they are decorative offshoots, not an integral part of it. Their dramatic limitations are as obvious as their spectacular and imaginative scope. It is difficult to see in what way they could react for good or ill upon the regular, intimate, enclosed theatre, or how they could provide impetus towards a dramatic revival. In his essay on dramatic promise for the future, much shrewd and original observation is mingled with hasty and questionable generalization. He has solid ground, of course, for some of his hopeful prognostications, and every one will hope that they may be realized. He gives good reasons—which might be reinforced—why the new American theatre is not likely, in the near future, at all events, to be distinctively national. It is a matter of comparatively small importance, if it shall be artistic, significant, comprehensive, and vital. A modified technique may, or may not, be desirable. It is certainly inevitable. A new technique is inconceivable. Prophecy, as Mr. Dickinson says, is dangerous, but if there is to be any speedy renovation of the theatre, it is tolerably safe to say that it must be preceded by a revival of acting, for which there must be proper schools in considerable numbers. The ideal school, as has been amply proved, is the stock company, which must be stable and competitive to demonstrate its full worth.

J. Ranken Towse.

"THE FEAR MARKET."

Of this piece by Amélie Rives, produced last week at the Booth Theatre, one can only say that it deals with a subject entirely legitimate for melodramatic treatment, and that it provides passably good entertainment. There are some amusing scenes of comedy between a husband and wife, capitally played by Edwin Nicander and Lucille Watson, the latter, in our judgment, one of the best comediennes of the American stage, and these flashes of comedy serve to carry to a not unsuccessful conclusion a badly constructed play, which starts with a wholly superfluous prologue, and ends with a situation that fails in effect because it has been clearly foreseen from the first.

The subject of the piece is the kind of blackmail which, it is common knowledge, has been practiced by social journals of a certain class, but that Major Stone, the proprietor of such a journal, and his confederates could enjoy a long career of prosperity through the clumsy methods portrayed on the stage is manifestly incredible. The Major (played by Edmund Breese, whose otherwise capable performance was, on the second night, marred by frequent hesitancy and forgetfulness of lines) is as pretty a scoundrel as one could wish to meet, if we except his confederate, a corrupt judge, the presentation of whose genial rascality by Dewitt C. Jennings was one of the best bits of acting in the play. The weakness in the Major's armor of implacable scoundrelism is, as the experienced will readily guess, his love for his daughter, who has been brought up abroad under an assumed name,

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believing her father to be an amiable reformer and philanthropist engaged in tilting against vice in high places, who has had a compromising, though innocent, affair with a tenor, and who turns up unexpectedly in New York just when her respected father is bringing to maturity several promising schemes of extortion. One of these schemes leads, through a series of laborious complications, in which the anguish of the author's cerebration is plain to see, straight to the girl herself—it is, of course, the early episode of the tenor. The end has been in sight long before we have reached this point. We know quite well that ultimately the girl will be presented with a choice between her father, his blackguardism unmasked, and a noble young man who has lived only to do the unmasking, and, of course, we know what her choice will be. Consequently, the dénouement of the distraught girl, the enraged but grief-stricken and still loving father, and the open-armed lover does not seriously harry our emotions.

Besides those already mentioned, we should note that Miss Sydney Shields is an attractive and sympathetic Sylvia, the Major's daughter, and that France Bendtsen does well in an amusing, though slightly exaggerated, bit of character work as Dicky Wilkes, one of the Major's spies in the social camp. The piece is excellently mounted. S. W.

Music

A SPANISH OPERA.

Manuel Garcia, the greatest teacher of the art of singing the world has ever known (Jenny Lind, Henriette Sontag, Mathilde Marchesi, and Charles Santley were among his pupils), was a Spaniard. His sisters, known as Malibran and Viardot-Garcia, were among the most famous prima donnas of their time. To-day the Metropolitan Opera House harbors two eminent Spanish sopranos—Lucrezia Bori and Maria Barrientos, who made her début last Monday as Lucia in Donizetti's opera. To Spain belong also one of the greatest violinists of the past, Sarasate, and the incomparable violoncellist, Pablo Casals, who is with us now. This seems a fair record for a small country; but when we look for composers of similar prominence we find Spain singularly arid. It is especially strange that this country has never given to the world an operatic composer of distinction—strange, because nowhere is opera more appreciated than in the cities of Spain. For generations Madrid and Barcelona have been among the chief strongholds of Italian opera, and in recent decades there has been much devotion also to Wagner's operas. A few Spaniards, like Arrieta and Saldoni, have composed grand operas, but it is only in the lighter operettas that they achieved real distinction.

It is probable that some of these Spanish operettas, known as zarzuelas, would be a welcome change over here from the Viennese type which at present monopolizes the stage. Perhaps some of our managers will explore this territory, now that the management of the Metropolitan Opera House has set the pace by producing a real Spanish opera. "Goyescas," which had its first performance anywhere last Friday, is thoroughly Spanish from every point of view. Its composer, Enrique Granados, has been called the Spanish Chopin. His piano pieces, including parts of his opera, were first played in this country by Ernest Schelling, whose efforts to popularize his friend's music have been amazingly successful, the publishers (G. Schirmer) being kept busy supplying the demand from all over the country. But while best known as a composer of pianoforte music, Señor Granados has had his eye on the stage ever since 1898, when his first opera, "Maria del Carmen," was produced in Madrid. According to a correspondent of the London *Musical Times*, this work "produced quite a sensation alike among amateurs and critics on account of the originality, melodiousness, and dramatic power displayed in the score." Two other operas by Granados, entitled "Foletto" and "Liliana," were produced at Barcelona. "Goyescas" is therefore this composer's fourth operatic attempt.

The story of its origin is stranger than the plot unfolded in the libretto. Seventeen years ago Granados produced a work which failed. He felt convinced, however, of the musical value of certain parts of it, and some years later he published these as a suite of pieces for the piano, which he associated with some of the strikingly realistic paintings of Goya. Eventually he came to the conclusion that these pieces could be made the nucleus of an opera. His friend, Fernando Periquet, undertook the difficult task of inventing a story and adapting it, with the aid of the composer, to the music, the latter supplying the necessary additions for the dialogue. The name given to the finished product, "Goyescas," gave rise to the story that the new opera was based on adventures in the romantic career of Goya. This is not the case. Granados does not believe in introducing famous men as characters in a play, except in a way that leaves much to the imagination. The name "Goyescas" was used because, as just stated, the original piano pieces were associated by their composer with certain paintings of Goya in the Museum at Madrid.

One of these paintings represents the tossing of a *pelele*, or straw-man, into the air by a group of gay lassies—the *majas* of Madrid. This tossing of the *pelele* forms part of the proceedings in the first scene of the opera, during a festive gathering of *majas* and *majos* on the banks of the Manzanares. There is, of course, a bull-fighter among them, and his sweetheart, their names being Paquiro and Pepa. Paquiro recognizes in a lady of rank, who presently arrives in a sedan chair, Rosario, who had not long before been led by curiosity to attend a low dance given in a barn by lantern light. He recalls meeting her there and invites her to go again. His words are overheard by Rosario's jealous lover, Fernando, an officer in the army, whom she had come to meet. He assures Paquiro that Rosario will be at the ball—but in his company. The quarrel, narrowly averted at this meeting, comes to a head in the next scene, at the ball, and the result is a challenge. In the final tableau there is a love scene between Rosario and Fernando. At the hour appointed for the duel, Paquiro is seen passing; Fernando follows, and presently returns to die in the arms of his beloved.

"Goyescas" lasts only an hour, but even for so short a work this simple plot furnishes an insufficient amount of incident, which puts the whole burden of entertainment on the composer and the singers. So far as the singers are concerned, the performance at the Metropolitan was a disappointment. The illness which has kept Miss Bori off the stage for several months prevented her from assuming the part of Rosario. Her place was taken by Anna Fitziu; but neither she nor Flora Perini, as Pepa, rose above mediocrity; and the same may be said of Mr. Martinelli's Fernando and Mr. De Luca's Paquiro. Nor did the conductor, Mr. Bavagnoli, reveal to the full the piquant Spanish traits of the orchestral score. If the opera, nevertheless, was received with great enthusiasm by the packed audience, this was owing to the inherent charm of the music. In the first scene the chorus predominates, enhancing the rhythmic swing of Spanish dance measures. Of unusual melodic beauty and glow of color is the intermezzo leading to the second scene, in which fandango measures prevail. In the last scene, with its love duo, the music becomes more conventionally operatic, rising at times to a dramatic level which makes one hope that Señor Granados will try his hand again at grand opera—not, however, until he succeeds in getting a libretto worthy of being associated with his music.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Finance

PREDICTIONS.

In the varying expressions of skepticism or misgiving which have been heard from usually well-informed authorities, during this month of sudden rumination on what will happen when the war is over, the usual grounds for doubt have been three in number. Our export trade in "munitions," and with it the activity in the steel trade, will collapse when the "war demand" ceases. European manufacturers will "flood our markets" with their merchandise. Finally, we shall discover that we have been living, during the past year, under the stimulus of credit or currency inflation.

On all of these questions, financiers of equally responsible character have arrived at curiously opposite conclusions. On the one hand we have such opinions as that of President Johnson, of the Baldwin Locomotive Company, in his New Orleans speech last week, that when the war ends and the munitions contracts cease, "thousands of men

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will be deprived of employment, numberless inflowing streams of gold and profit will be stopped, and business of every kind will suffer a dislocation"; or that of Mr. Topping, of the Republic Steel, to the effect that "Europe has the ability to invade our markets" after the present war; or Judge Gary's warning of January 6, that at the close of war our producers "will find themselves in commercial antagonism with the most persistent and difficult competition ever experienced."

But over against these gloomy views must be set Mr. James J. Hill's belief that there is "no economic possibility of the flooding of our markets by the products of Europe"; Secretary Redfield's favorable inference from the fact that "our buying power, our selling power, our saving power, and our loaning power were never as great as they are today," and Mr. Jacob H. Schiff's declaration of two weeks ago, that "we are prosperous and we shall continue prosperous," even after the war.

These are mostly opinions. Mr. Paul M. Warburg, of the Federal Reserve Board, in his address of last Tuesday to the Credit Men's Association, examined in detail certain other considerations which stand in the background with almost everybody. Premising with the statements that, although investments in war munitions plants contain "seeds of grave danger," there is no reason why the regular business of the country should view the future with alarm; that, although Europe will try to regain her outside markets, she must first reorganize her industries and buy from us the raw materials, and that "it is therefore not to be feared that reaction will come immediately upon the conclusion of the war," Mr. Warburg takes the larger view. At the end of the war, whenever it may come, "we shall almost inevitably take our place as the world's banker"—at least to the extent that "it will probably fall to us to finance these nations." But what then?

> The old rule, that between countries of fairly equal credits low interest rates will have the tendency of driving gold to that centre where it can earn the higher interest return, is likely to have its effect. . . . Sooner or later, normal laws of economics will again assert themselves, and we must then expect that, owing to the inflation of currency in almost every country involved in the war, the demand for our gold will be very keen and determined.

Here is a very pretty problem to be worked out. Europe will certainly look with envious eyes, after the war, on our stock of gold, which is now $425,000,000 greater than when the war began, and rapidly increasing. What she can get of it for her own bank reserves, she will surely try to draw away from us. How can Europe do that? Mr. Warburg suggests that relatively high money rates abroad will serve the purpose. But how do we know that money will be as high in Europe's post-bellum markets?

Most people answer, Because of the huge destruction of capital in the war. But money rates on the great European markets range only from 4 to 5 per cent. to-day, with all the huge requisitions for the war loans; why will they necessarily be high when that huge demand, together with the stimulus to trade through Government purchases, has stopped? There is respectable economic ground for assuming that the rates, reflecting exhaustion, reaction, and prostration in European trade, will be very low.

Mr. Warburg intimates that the inflated currencies may be a factor in the drawing of gold to Europe. But inflated currencies, left to themselves, will usually have exactly the opposite effect. If it is meant that demand for gold will result from Europe's effort to resume unrestricted gold redemption of its currencies, that could only mean that government bonds would be sold abroad to raise the gold. But whether European Governments can issue loans for just that purpose during a good many years to come, when their first necessity is to borrow to meet the public deficit, is a decidedly open question.

Only two things are certain. If the American investors buy Europe's public and private securities in enormous quantity after the war—our "merchandise export excess" also decreasing—we should certainly send gold. We should do so if our import of merchandise increased enormously. But both suppositions bring us back to the original point of dispute, except for the perfectly well-known facts—one that, conditions being what they are, we can spare a very large amount of gold without inconvenience; the other that, if the outflow were to become too large, we have as a safeguard the control of home money rates by the Federal Reserve Banks.

Publication, last Thursday, of the country's export and import figures for December and for the full year 1915, provided many spectacular comparisons. That exports in December, and the excess of exports over imports, should have broken all monthly records in the country's history—this notwithstanding importations never exceeded in December, and only five times in any other month—was merely a climax to a series of remarkable exhibits. No previous December exports have come within $100,000,000 of the month's figure, and no previous export excess within $56,000,000 of the latest showing.

It is the full calendar year, however, whose comparisons are most extraordinary. Exports for 1915 ran $1,151,000,000 above the highest previous annual record (1912), and the $1,778,605,000 surplus of exports exceeded by $1,086,000,000 the largest other excess—the $692,127,000 of 1913. It was equal to the export excess of the three preceding years combined, and it was nearly three times as large as what used to be called the "epoch-making" trade balance of 1900.

The year's comparisons would not be complete without including the movement of gold. Of that, our $451,954,000 import during 1915 exceeded by $293,000,000 the previous high record of 1898, when a huge foreign trade balance and the needs of our Spanish war finance drew abnormally on Europe. More gold came in from abroad, last year, than in all the seven preceding years since the panic of 1907.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Father Payne. Anonymous. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Rita. The Iron Stair. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Syrett, N. Rose Cottingham. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Webster, H. K. The Real Adventure. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.50 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Brooke, R. Letters from America. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Cambridge History of English Literature. Vol. XII. The Romantic Revival. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Putnam
Cox, M. Ventures in Worlds. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.
Harvard University Catalogue. 1915-16. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University.
Leaf, W. Homer and History. Macmillan.
List of American Doctoral Dissertations Printed in 1914. Prepared by A. M. Stephens. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Mackail, J. W. Modern Essays. Longmans, Green. $1 net.
Meinecke, F. The Warfare of a Nation. Trans. by J. A. Spaulding. Worcester, Mass.: The Davis Press.
Sewall, M. W. Women, World War, and Permanent Peace. San Francisco, Cal.: John J. Newbigin.
Slaughter, J. W. The Adolescent. Introduction by J. J. Findlay. Macmillan.
The New International Encyclopedia. Vols. 17, 18. Dodd, Mead.
Thomson, J. A. K. The Greek Tradition. Macmillan.
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